

Walking With Dinosaurs 3-D

by

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1

EXT. SKY. DAWN.

1

A rolling plain of white.

At first glance we might think we are looking at a vast snowfield.

NARRATOR

The Arctic, in the period we call the late Cretaceous, 70 Million years ago....

Wisps of fog coil upwards from the whiteness. We recognise this white landscape as a blanket of cloud-cover, seen from above.

2

CLOSER

2

A group of tiny specks - A flock of birds - are beating steadily Westwards, their backs to the rising sun.

We MOVE IN until we are flying among the birds - a species of small brown insectivores called ALEXORNIS,

We are close enough to hear them calling to each other, over the rapid beating of their wings.

NARRATOR

In some ways, this land is completely familiar. In many others it is an alien planet.

3

AMONG THE BIRDS.

3

The light abruptly changes as....

The shadow of some gigantic flying creature rises from the clouds behind the flock.

The smaller birds scatter.

The monster looms over us, its ten-foot wingspan blocks the sun.

NARRATOR

....a planet of dinosaurs.

The great shadow-creature plunges downwards, submerging itself in cloud once more, and vanishing from sight.

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4

EXT. POV OF THE MONSTER

4

Now we are with the POV of the great FLYING CREATURE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We still don't know exactly what it is, but it is moving with tremendous speed and power through skeins of mist and cloud.

Our view is like the view from a passenger aircraft, coming in to land.

The cloud thins then thickens again, offering tantalizing glimpses of a sea shore, lakes and savannah

NARRATOR

The cretaceous world is six degrees warmer than our own. Rising sea levels have flooded the flatlands of North America between the Appalachian mountains and the Rockies.

Through a break in the cloud we see vast stretches of forest, cliffs coloured pink by the rosy dawn light.

Then the last veils of cloud finally part and a vast, sloping coastal plain appears.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Here, north of the Rockies, in an area corresponding roughly to modern Alaska, the spring climate is relatively balmy.

REVERSE ON: ...a dead lizard

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But life is fiercely competitive,

THE PTEROSAUR

WIDEN TO: A Giant PTEROSAUR, returning home with the dead aquatic lizard in its beak.

NARRATOR

...even for a giant Pterosaur.

Other Pterosaurs, hovering on the updraught from the cliffs, have seen our guy coming in with food.

We sense this isn't a welcoming committee.

They attack from all sides, diving on the Pterosaur from above or beating upwards to attack our guy from below.

Beaks and claws are coming at him from all directions, claws tearing at leathery wings, beaks clattering against beak, as the others attempt to steal his prey.

PTEROSAUR

C'mon, guys, what is this. Catch your own freakin sea-lizard!

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Our Pterosaur barrel-rolls and dives to escape them - surprisingly mobile for such a huge creature.

The most persistent attacker dives and rolls with him - their spiralling flight-paths interweaving in what fighter pilots call a "rolling-scissors" manoeuvre.

Treetops rush towards us with startling speed. A great forest of conifers and cycads

Locked in combat, the two great flying creatures fall together, neither willing to concede defeat.

Until, with a bark of anger our Pterosaur separates, dropping the dead lizard.

PTEROSAUR (CONT'D)

Ya happy now?!

The dead lizard falls.

6 **EXT. THE FOREST CANOPY. - DAY**

6

We drop with it, free-falling out of the sky

....through the upper storeys of the towering primal forest, catching branches on the way down,

....disturbing a strange fat carnivorous bird with a ridiculously long tail and an evil sense of humour:

"Hesperonychous" aka THE KILLER TURKEY.

Still the dead lizard keeps falling, dislodging a rain of pine-needles, breaking through cobwebs, leaf-litter, membranes of hanging moss

.... until finally it plummets - SCHLOOMP! - into the forest's lush underbrush of ferns and flowering plants.

7 **EXT. FOREST FLOOR. DAY**

7

A thin face, crested with feathers, pops up out of the foliage.

TROODON

What the **ck...?

She's a slender bipedal predator.

NARRATOR

This is Troodon

From the neck up she looks a bit like a feathered Alligator.

....with a neck and body of an ostrich.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Now she's scanning for danger with quick birdlike movements of her head.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Hers was among the most successful dinosaur species of the late Cretaceous, and among the most intelligent,

Her purple crest and sleeves of blue-green feathers give her a vaguely piratical air.

Satisfied the coast is clear, she moves to where the lizard fell and picks it up - a good ten kilos of fresh meat.

She heads off, the head and tail of the lizard flopping either side of her beak.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She had six times the brain capacity of a modern alligator - most of it directed towards hunting.

Eyes every-watchful, she jogs lightly through bars of light and shade, through rising mist and drifting pollen.

A hundred yards on she hears large creatures moving, and stops in her tracks.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But in this forest, even Troodon had to watch her step.

8 **EXT. THE PACHYRHINOSAUR NESTING GROUND. DAY.**

8

Her POV: Light lancing through the canopy into a forest clearing.

Steam rising from the moist earth.

A spider quivers on its web, resonating like the strings of a harp.

Our eyes adjust to the half-light: Huge heavy creatures, are moving in the deep shadows.

They remain indistinct, the deep shadow broken by occasional blades of light, illuminating an eye, a nostril.....

The trees shake around them - whats ARE these things?

We can hear them grunting, branches snapping, beaks stripping and slicing the low foliage .

(CONTINUED)

TROODON skirts around the monsters, advancing tentatively towards the sunlit clearing.

She walks on tip-toe - the long sharp talon at her heel - a curved switchblade, trails a few inches off the ground

From the seclusion of the trees we see strange, steaming mounds of earth and leaf-mulch, into which the female Pachyrhinosaurus - the dinosaur equivalent of rhinoceri - dip their heads.

NARRATOR

These Pachyrhinosaurus made this clearing.
Their eggs were laid in the Spring, and covered with mulch to incubate.
That was three months ago.

All the Pachyrhinosaurus have their backs to Troodon, absorbed in the task of uncovering their nests.

Troodon stands motionless, crest flat on her skull.

Poised on one leg, she is immobile as a statue, barely breathing now, her colouration changing, chameleon-like to blend with the forest.

The nest which lies nearest to her is unguarded.

Troodon takes a cautious step towards it, dropping the aquatic lizard she is carrying

Her POV: In the nest: a potential feast of defenceless thin-skinned youngsters.

Mistaking her for a source of food they start up a riotous cheeping

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The newborns are highly vulnerable. From this clutch of 20 eggs, only one will make it to full adulthood.

Troodon is poised to rush at them when....

BULLDUST

Hey. YOU!

A belligerent male Pachyrhinosaurus moves forward, emerging from the shadows to her right.

BULLDUST is a mature bull - huge shoulder muscles rippling under his scarred, reticulated hide.

He's threatening Troodon, waving the huge bony boss on the end of his snout.

(CONTINUED)

TROODON

What? It's a free country.

Bulldust paws the ground, snorts noisily.

BULLDUST

Beat it, feather-head.

TROODON

OK. Relax. I'm outa here.

Back-steeping carefully on her pointed toes - a murderess in stiletto heels - all the time calculating her chances of a quick dash to the nest.

He seems to read her thoughts, narrowing the distance between them.

BULLDUST

"Beat it". Which part of that don't you understand?

She feints towards the nest - just testing

He mock-charges. She squawks and bolts in panic.

Twenty yards into the forest she realizes that she abandoned the lizard in her haste.

TROODON

Damn. Damn!

Bulldust is still watching her, warm breath clouding in front of him like steam.

The abandoned, dead lizard is in plain view but there's no way she can go back there.

The long-tailed "killer turkey" laughs at her from his high perch in the trees - a harsh mocking cackle, like a kookaburra.

She looks up and snarls at him.

TROODON (CONT'D)

Come down here, fur-ball. We'll soon see who's laughing.

Then, regaining her dignity, she stalks off in search of another kill.

Bulldust, king of the Pachyrhinosaurus, turns back to the nesting ground.

As soon as his back is turned Killer Turkey hops down from her perch and retrieves the dead lizard.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

NARRATOR

In the complex interplay of species it was not always the victor who takes the spoils.

9 **EXT. THE NESTING GROUNDS.**

9

Meanwhile, MOM Pachyrhinosaur, has arrived back at the nest.

We understand now the dipping motion of the females heads.

Having uncovered the eggs, They are feeding the new hatchlings with pre-masticated food

MOM's POV: Up close, only a mother could love what she sees there: Shitty cross-eyed hatchlings fighting for her attention among chewed leaves and fragments of eggshell.

The strongest hatchling, SCOWLER, gets most of the food she delivers.

One egg has not yet hatched. She goes to remove it, then stops...

It's moving, and grunting. Something is happening inside....

10 **INT. INSIDE THE EGG.**

10

The littlest Pachyrhinosaur is bashing his head against the inside of the shell.

He can see the play of shadows on the outside of his translucent shell.

He can hear, from outside, the muffled chirruping of his siblings - like the filtered sounds of a boisterous kids' party, heard through a partition wall.

Grunting impatiently PACHIMOU, thrusts upwards once again, succeeds in cracking the shell with his egg-tooth - the sharp bony caruncle on the end of his nose.

He gives another shove and a small portion of shell dislodges, leaving Pachimou pressed against the thick membrane like a submariner pressed against a porthole.

His POV: The outside world is a blurry kaleidoscope of movement, light and colours.

His egg-tooth pierces the membrane and finally he is....

....er...stuck.

11 **EXT. THE NEST. (JUNE. AGE 0)**

11

Pachimou struggles out through the small hole in the egg, into the blinding daylight and the rowdy football-crowd of jostling hatchlings.

He's the smallest of 20, his skin is almost translucent, his neck barely strong enough to support the weight of his massive head.

He wobbles on knobbly knee-joints, trying to raise his belly off the base of the nest, like the puny kid who can't even manage one push-up.

PACHIMOU

I can do this. I can do this!

SIBLING

No you can't

She's right. He can't. But he will. All he needs is a bit of muscle-building. Focussing upwards through big squinty eyes he sees:

The gentle, benevolent head of his mother descending towards the nest with another mouthful of tinned spinach.

PACHIMOU cranes gratefully towards her.

PACHIMOU

Food! Food!

He opens his mouth wide to receive the meal and

...is crushed under an avalanche of sticky battling hatchlings.

HATCHLINGS

Me! Me! Me! Me! Me! Me! Me!

Pachimou struggles out from under the pile-up, the little kid emerging hopefully from a collapsed rugby scrum. All the food has all been taken.

12 **EXT. THE NEST. (JUNE. AGE = 1 MONTH)**

12

Three weeks later, the hatchlings have doubled in size, and the contest for food is even fiercer than before.

In this struggling mass of bodies the camera finds Pachimou.

NARRATOR

At one month old, the last to hatch is still alive, though still markedly smaller than the rest.

(CONTINUED)

All the hatchlings eyes are fully open now, their skin no longer translucent.

Their view of the world remains bounded by the nest: a circle of surrounding treetops, which shake and tremble as the adults strip lower branches

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

In the rough and tumble of the nest His small size is, potentially, a fatal disadvantage.

Two of his siblings have already expired. His mother gently removes them from the nest

As her head hoves into view with food once more, it is Scowler who, once again, gets the lion's share

Beaten in the contest for leftover scraps, little Pachimou considers his options.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Desperate measures are called for.

Pachimou starts climbing the unstable, mulchy rim of the nest-mound, in order to gain height.

The climb exhausts him but he makes it and pauses to rest, forelegs hanging outside the nest.

Phew. Made it.

Uh-Oh he's slipping back.

His rear legs kick for a purchase on the inner rim, and catch the largest sibling, Scowler in the head.

SCOWLER

Hey! Quit it! What was that for?

PACHIMOU

Sorry.

He's taking in the view of the nesting site. Like a kids eye view of a building-site - adults the size of huge dumper trucks churning past on every side. Its awesome and bewildering.

His young eyes focus, with difficulty, on an ochre blur in the middle-distance - his mother lumbering back with the next mouthful of food.

This time Pachimou is definitely first in line. The gamble worked! He's shaking all over with excitement.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Mine! I got this. I got this!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

His mothers face swims into his field of vision delivering more food than Pachimou can swallow.

He gags and chokes, delighted with his own brilliance.

But, wait a minute, something badly wrong here, his front legs are losing their purchase, his back legs rising high in the air as....

13 **IN THE NEST. CONTINUOUS**

13

Scowler, king of the nest, gets underneath Pachimou and pushes upwards.

NARRATOR

The only rule in the nest is:
there are no rules.

14 **ON THE RIM OF THE NEST**

14

Pachimou can feel himself toppling forward.

PACHIMOU

Hey, quit it will ya!

He tries to push back against the rim of the nest but Scowler is too strong for him.

He can feel himself tipping.... tipping.

NARRATOR

And certainly no arguing with
gravity.

PACHIMOU

Aw, Crap.

....finally letting go, toppling head over heels down the mulchy slope of the nesting mound.

Pachimou's POV is a blur of sky and ground, woody mulch and treetops.

He lands with a mouthful of tree-bark among the mummified corpses of previous casualties.

A foot of some passing adult, comes crashing down nearby, shaking the very ground he is standing on.

15 **ON THE GROUND OUTSIDE THE NEST**

15

A minute ago he was warm and safe, now it feels like he's landed in a war zone.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

At this age, outside the safety of the nest, his chances of survival are slim.

Pachimou shivers in cold and fright, wondering how he'll get back up.

From down here the wattle-and-daub walls of the nest seem fortress-like.

He bleats for attention but his mother is off foraging.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

He will discover new enemies in all shapes and sizes.

An insect comes screaming in and bites him.

PACHIMOU

Wow! that hurts!

He whirls, trying to shake the pesky thing off his hide.

The insect - a creature like a horse-fly - hovers and bites again

When Pachimou stops whirling he's giddy and disorientated.

More thunderous footfalls fall nearby, then recede.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Mom?

It's not his mother but Pachimou seems convinced that it is.

He stumbles drunkenly after the adult female, falling in her big muddy footprints.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Mom!

She stops and he looks up, daring to imagine she might have heard him.

Until a steaming pile of poop drops directly in his path.

Pachimou sidesteps smartly and finds himself.....

.....off the main trackway, in a maze of flattened underbrush, picking his way through a tangle of vines.

Soon he finds himself hopelessly lost.

(CONTINUED)

He can hear the calls of adult Pachyrhinosaurus and the responses of their young.

He thinks his nest is this way... no its that way.

The sounds are coming from all sides and he can't discriminate between his own family and all the other nesting grounds, scattered through the forest.

Pachimou stumbles onwards, following the path of least resistance where some rodent - a furry marsupial called ALPHADON - has tunneled ahead of him through the foliage.

A thick pillar, like a tree-stump blocks his path.

Pachimou sniffs at it. The tree stump bends at the knee.

NARRATOR

Most large animals he meets will regard him as a snack

A massive, armoured ANKYLOSAUR snorts and bends low, presenting the terrifying aspect of its armoured head and shoulders, its rheumy eyes.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Ankylosaur is a rare exceptio... though you wouldn't know it to look at him.

Truly the ugliest creature in creation. Ever.

ANKYOSAUR

You're young to be out alone, aint ya?

Its voice is a subterranean bass rumble, full of spittle and menace, a scary grandfather with badly-fitting dentures.

Pachimou turns and flees in terror, down a winding passage of undergrowth, which snags his feeble legs, snares his neck.

The ugly armoured Ankylosaur calls after

ANKYLOSAUR

What's the big hurry. I was only trying to be friendly.

Pull back and up, to the POV of an officious adult Pachyrhinosaurus, shouting down at the Ankylosaur who is blocking his access to food.

BULLDUST

Move it grand-dad you can't park there.

(CONTINUED)

ANKYLOSAUR

(shouts up)

Ach you people think you own the place. Show some respect for your elders.

Muttering darkly about yuppies taking over the neighborhood, he continues on his way.

Pachimou keeps running til he sees daylight.

Adult Alphadon scatter at his approach, then emerge, whiskery and trembling to look after his receding rear.

ALPHADON #1

Jees. What was that.

ALPHADON # 2

Dunno but he was definitely speeding. You get his licence plates?

Breaking free of the ferny underbrush, scratched and breathless, Pachimou finds himself at the forest's edge.

REVERSE on Pachimou, blinking in the sudden glare of unfiltered daylight

PULLING BACK to EXTREME WIDE SHOT, we get the full measure of Pachimou's insignificance: a tiny figure dwarfed by the towering trunks of the forest

But Pachimou, himself is enthralled by what he sees.

The Northern slope falls away to the ocean - the forests giving way to lush thinly wooded country, as far as the eye can see.

In the sky, giant Pterosaurs wheel and glide gracefully on the up-draught in a slow aerial ballet

On the marshes, where the ground flattens out, great herds of EDMONTOSAURS and smaller, kangaroo-sized PARKOSAURS are placidly grazing.

NARRATOR

In summer, at this remote latitude, the daylight is continuous, and for a few brief months, forage is plentiful. Most of the very large predators raise their young further south. (Check)

In the sloping, ferny foreground, Troodons guard their own nests of newly hatched youngsters, males tending the broods of a dozen young; females constantly on the lookout for prey.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...But mid-sized predators are numerous. And constantly hungry. An adult Troodon will eat its own body weight in meat every two weeks. (Check)

TRUDY turns and sees Pachimou, her feather head-dress twitches upright, quivering in the wind.

Pachimou is fascinated by those feathers.

An inner voice is speaking to him.

INNER VOICE

Flee! FLEE!

...but curiosity, keeps him rooted to the spot,

...switching to paralysed terror as, Pachimou's eyes widen and...

The Troodon makes a sudden dash towards him, her long legs covering the twenty yards between them in the space of a dozen heartbeats.

Pachimou wants to run, he needs to run but somehow he can't move.

He's paralysed by terror. His little heart is thumping Ba Doom. Ba Doom Ba Doom...

In SLO MO, Troodon on the run, opens her mouth to snatch him, displaying an deadly array of gleaming razor-sharp teeth when...

Something out of left-field swoops down to take Pachimou, like the scoop of a giant digger.

Troodon leaps after him. Her jaws snap shut on thin air as....

Pachimou's MOM scoops him up in her mouth, hoisting him high out of harms way.

PACHIMOU

Boy, am I glad to see you.

MOM

Hm. Just wait til I get you home, buster.

She turns, grumpily

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Troodon has to jump to avoid the sweep of Mom's stubby tail

The huge Pachyrhinosaur stomps back into the trees ...narrowly missing Alphadon's nest with her feet.

ALPHADON

You up there. Read the signs! This is a pedestrian precinct!!

18 **EXT. AMONG THE TREES**

18

Looking down on Alphadon, Pachimou clings to the sharp, burnished edges of his mothers beak, closing his eyes and tucking in his head against the threshing foliage.

From Pachimou's point of view not the most comfortable journey.

NARRATOR

Dinosaurs lived on earth for a period of 160 Million years - a thousand times longer than modern human beings.

In that time, complex, nurturing behaviours would certainly have evolved in some species.

Though, as a youngster it's wize not to depend on this.

Low branches splinter over MOM's bony head, and Pachimou's tender backside.

PACHIMOU

Ow. OW. OW

MOM

Serves you right

19 **PACHIMOU'S POV**

19

On the plus side, from Pachimou's new vantage point the scenery is full of interest

Sprightly, silver-skinned mini-dinosaurs called Hesperonychus run up the tree branches to escape the disturbance.

A flock of insect-eating Alexornis birds take to the wing

Mom keeps barging through foliage, almost running into the old Ankylosaur, who is tearing at the ferns, making himself a bed.

ANKYLOSAUR

Hey watch your feet will ya! Some of us plan to hibernate here.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

MOM

Sorry.

20 **EXT. NESTING GROUND.**

20

As they return to the clearing, for the first time how the nesting ground is organized.

The nests are separated by well-trodden boulevards wide enough for two of the huge adults to pass.

At the clearing's edge, opportunistic spectators (Hersperonychus, Troodon and the killer turkey) wait hopefully for an adult Pachyrhinosaur to turn a blind eye.

BULLDUST

Stare all you like its not gonna happen!

Pachimou hears familiar voices.

Looking down he sees his own nest approaching.

He splays out his legs, preparing for an elegant touchdown.

His Mom dumps him from a few feet off the ground, into the wriggling mass of siblings.

They were expecting another delivery of food, but instead get their thrashing youngest brother - all legs and belly and bony skull.

PACHIMOU

Oof!

SIBLINGS

Hey, watch your feet.

SCOWLER

(to Pachimou)

Crap. I thought we'd lost you.

He shoulders Pachimou to the outside of the group.

Pachimou doesn't take it too personally. He's happy to be home safe. He finds a comfortable spot and wriggles in next to the others.

Mom is already heading off again, on the endless hunt for forage.

Pachimou rolls on his back, looking up at the waving tree-tops, at a hovering hawk-like Avisaurus and the ever-circling forms of Pterosuars.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He sees a gobbet of food on the nest beside him and eats it.

He Farts.

SIBLINGS

- Ew Gross. Cut it out.
- Who was that?
- Your brother.

Pachimou sighs contentedly. And soon he is fast asleep.

21 **NESTING GROUND. JULY. (AGE 2 MONTHS)**

21

Cue Music.

Two months later there are a dozen surviving Pachyrhinosaurus, including little Pachimou.

NARRATOR

At two months the young Pachyrhinosaurus are old enough to feed independently.

They scramble out of the nest, (which now has the beaten up look of a favourite family sofa) and go trotting after their mom, a gaggle of unruly preschoolers, expertly dodging the huge footfalls of adult Pachyrhinosaurus.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For the next three months their job is to add two kilograms of weight per day - all this on a diet of green vegetables.

The song is jaunty, up-tempo, and irrepressibly optimistic, just like little Pachimou himself. "This Must be the Place", by the Talking Heads.

SONG

*Home.
Is where I want to be.
Pick me up and turn 'me round.
I feel numb.
Born with a weak heart.
I guess I must be having fun.*

Scowler pushes to the front of the group. Pachimou, still the smallest, brings up the rear, a little skip in his step as he tries to keep up with the others.

22 **EXT. AT THE CLEARING'S EDGE.**

22

Scowler is guzzling greedily, pushing siblings out of the way to reach the tenderest shoots

(CONTINUED)

Pachimou is having difficulty finding leaves he can reach.

A bright green leaf dances tantalizingly out of range as Pachimou follows it with his eyes, mouth open, like a kid trying to bite a toffee-apple on a string.

SONG

*The less we say 'bout it the
better
Make it up as we go along*

Finally one of his sisters grabs hold of another leaf further up,

.... another sister bites the stem,

And Pachimou, at the end of the line, is finally able to chomp down on the leaf he's been tracking.

Its hardly a square meal but he got it all by himself (almost) he chews it, filled with a sense of accomplishment

SONG (CONT'D)

*Feet on the ground
Head in the sky
It's OK
I know nothing's wrong
... nothing's wrong.*

Pretty soon he's feeding independently with the others.

The young of other species are growing apace

The swamp-dwelling Edmontosaurs are efficient eaters, rearing up to seize each branch between the thumb and "pinkie finger", opposable digits either side of their front hooves.

Visiting the water-hole Pachimou is like a kid experiencing a foreign country for the first time - everything old is new again - the multitude of species, the foliage, the delicious oozing mud under his feet.

SONG

*Out of all those kinds of people
You got a face with a view
I'm just an animal looking for a
home
Share the same space for a minute
or two*

Adult Troodons are circling, looking for a weakling who might be isolated from the group.

They seem to be considering Pachimou for a while, but their real focus is Parkosaurus - the docile kangaroo like creatures who co-habit these swamps with the Edmontosaurs.

The hunting Troodons streak past. The attack is brief and deadly

Pachimou, luxuriating in the mud, gets up hurriedly and scampers back to the safety of his family group.

SONG (CONT'D)

*Hi ho, I got plenty of time
Hi ho, you got light in your eyes
I can't tell one from another
Did I find you, or you find me?
There was a time
Before we were born
If someone asks, this is where
I'll be.*

EXT. FOREST. AUGUST. (AGE 3 MONTHS)

Pachimou's siblings are a month older than before, venturing beyond the clearing now, more confident and more independent.

Juvenile Troodons size up Pachimou. Like a hip young knife-gang contemplating a possible victim.

JUVENILE TROODONS

- You think we could take him
down?
- sure we could take him
- then lets take him, what are we
waiting for
- you take him, we'll follow

Then Pachimou's own gang joins him, chomping through the wall of foliage with ferocious efficiency.

ON THE SLOPES

The Music continues as instrumental over:

The hip young Troodons leaping in the air twisting and snapping, as though involved in some elaborate break-dance routine..

They are trying to catch dragonflies.....

Until their mother arrives dragging the carcass of something more substantial - the leg of a Parkosaurus.

(CONTINUED)

MOTHER TROODON

That's enough junk food. Come and
have a proper dinner

The hungry pups need no encouragement.

NARRATOR

Over hundreds of generations, the
plants and insects, birds and
animals of this region have
developed a complex inter-
dependence.

Alexornis birds alight on the adult Pachyrhinosaurus.

In CU we see they are pecking insects and parasites from
the hides of the huge animals.

NARRATOR

Insects have adapted to suck the
dinosaurs blood, and insect eating
birds have evolved to eat the
parasites

Pachimou looks at his Mom, adorned with insect-eating
birds, on her ears, nose and neck-ruff, like fashion
jewellery.

She grunts and moves on, the family regroup.

NARRATOR

Flowering plants, which first
arrived in the Cretaceous, have co-
evolved with the insects which now
fertilise them.

A pollen-coated insect emerges from the flower and flies
off.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Bees have arrived.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and butterflies

A host of them rise up from the plants from which they
are sucking nectar

28 **IN THE NEST. TWILIGHT**

28

The Song resumes as Pachyrhinosaurus bed down, chasing their tails round in a circle to trample flat a bed of foliage.

SONG

*And you love me till my heart
stops
Love me till I'm dead*

A cold wind blows. The small Pachyrhinosaurus huddle together for warmth. Pachimou, lying near his mother, has one eye on her reassuring bulk, another on the gleaming eyes of predators.

SONG (CONT'D)

*Eyes that light up, eyes look
through you
Cover up the blank spots
Hit me on the head
Ah ooh!*

The song ends with a fading animal howl as.....

29 **HORIZON. PASSAGE OF TIME**

29

The months of constant daylight finally come to an end.

NARRATOR

Now, for the first time in weeks,
the sun briefly dips below the
horizon.

30 **EXT. FOEST. SEPTEMBER (AGE 4 MONTHS)**

30

Deciduous conifers shed their leaves in a rain of dried needles.

NARRATOR

As the nights lengthen, The family
groups are grazing further and
further away from the nesting
grounds - adults and four-month-
old Pachyrhinosaurus fanning
through the forest as the lush
flowering foliage goes to seed.

It's getting harder to find food: beaks strip the bark now that much of the juicy foliage is gone.

31 **EXT. WATERHOLES. DAY**

31

Down in the swampland - domain of the Edmontosaurs - the shallow interconnected lakes have shrunk, the flowering plants have withered

NARRATOR

As the year advances, the rains become less frequent

The Edmontosaurs are leaving their swampland homes and wandering off in groups towards higher ground.

PACHIMOU

Whats happening. Where are they going?

32 **THE SWAMPLAND**

32

MOTHER EDMONTOSAURUS

Time to move, you guys. Lights are going out here.

Behind her, lines of Edmontosaurs are trudging up the slope towards a distant U-shaped valley in the mountain range.

A 5-month-old youngster, MONTY, trapped up to its belly, calls for its parents to free it.

MOTHER EDMONTOSAUR

Come on, you can do it.

She waits on dry ground a little distance away.

With a final effort, and a tremendous sucking sound, Monty finally manages to pull himself free.

MOTHER EDMONTOSAURUS

Attaboy. Let's move it.

33 **EXT. BY THE FOREST**

33

MOM Pachyrhinosaur is watching the herd of Edmontosaurs trudging uphill towards the distant valley.

NARRATOR

The Mother Pachyrhinosaur knows it will soon be time to leave. Her last-born is barely large enough to survive the migration.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But there's an advantage in staying close behind the Edmontosaurs: the large territorial predators, lying in wait up-country will have alternative prey, a distraction from the slow-moving Pachyrhinosaurus.

34 **EXT. FOREST. OCTOBER. (AGE 5 MONTHS)**

34

A sound of alarms as the insect eating Alexornis birds mill and congregate in tree-tops preparing for their own departure.

Pachimou tries to settle but his bed is not as comfortable as it used to be - spiky dead ferns crackling beneath him.

His mother is inexplicably restless, roaming around her brood, encouraging them to move closer together, pushing Scowler to join the family.

Complete darkness falls.

35 **EXT WIDE SHOT. THE NORTHERN SLOPE. NIGHT**

35

Midnight. A flash of lightning streaks across the blue-black heavens, striking deep in the parched forest with a palpable CRACK.

High on the dark forest slope - the tiny light of a fire appears.

36 **BY THE SWAMP**

36

Reflected in the still stagnant water of the depopulated waterhole, we find the night-hunting Troodon.

Golden eyes widening in the twilight, she turns towards the spot of orange light, sensing an opportunity.....

Heel talons twitching, she heads off up the slope with her brood of rock-and-roll hunters.

37 **THE FIRE**

37

Deep in the forest, a dry tree, shattered by the lightning strike, is burning like a torch

It's blazing branches fall to the ground, setting fire to the dry ferns and umbrella palms.

(CONTINUED)

- 37 CONTINUED: 37
- A cold, constant wind fans the flames. Blazing timber crackles and fizzes
- 38 **EXT. THE FOREST.** 38
- Half a mile away, The Pachyrhinosaurus wake from sleep calling to each others through the trees.
- Bulldust, the great, scarred bull, sniffs the air, shifting restlessly, unsure which direction the smell of smoke is coming from.
- 39 **IN. THE FOREST** 39
- The forest animals are on the move - the neurotic little Alphadon scurrying through its network of bush trails.
- ALPHADON
Has everyone read the evacuation
drill....well Why not!
- The tiny nimble Herperonychus dinosaurs, run past, scrambling lightly over fallen timber
- 40 **THE COLONY OF PTEROSAURS.** 40
- The colony of Pterosaurs are growing restless also.
- Calling rracously, unfolding their leathery wings, the huge creatures start heading off in long loping strides into the wind, finally gaining enough speed to become airborne.
- Wings blanking out the stars, like stealth bombers, they rise off the sloping terrain.
- 41 **ABOVE THE FOREST FIRE. CONTINUOUS** 41
- Over the forest, the thermals from the forest fire lift them.
- Pterosaurs' POV: The fire is spreading fast downwind, sending streamers of smoke and flying embers ahead of it
- Again and again they circle, angular black shapes crossing and recrossing against the fires below as...
- 42 **EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST. THE FIRE'S EDGE.** 42
- Dry undergrowth explodes into flames.
- There's real panic in the air. A host of Mammals, dinosaurs, birds and insects pouring out of nests and burrows and hollow logs.

(CONTINUED)

ALFADON

Don't panic. Don't panic....

He sees how close the flames are.

ALFADON (CONT'D)

OK, panic.

He joins the chaotic exodus.

Animals, birds and insects come running and bounding and flying straight at the camera, away from the searing heat.

Some distance from the fire, the Pachyrhinosaur colony becomes increasingly agitated.

Old and young crash this way and that in the dry foliage, confused by dark forms of other animals invading their territory.

PACHIMOU

What's up? What's happening?

His subgroup of half a dozen siblings bunch together, twitching and trembling with fear, the wind blown embers reflected in their wide pupils

Somewhere in the darkness his mother is calling for the rest of her brood - the other group of six who congregated to sleep around Scowler.

MOM

Everyone stay in a group, stay in a group!

Above them, smoke and embers obliterate the stars. Bulldust isn't waiting any longer

BULLDUST

You all do what you like, I'm out of here.

He charges off downwind, crashing through the forest, heedless of the youngsters underfoot.

Scowler sees his father go and bolts after him

Pachimou sees him go.

PACHIMOU

Scowler! No! Stay with the group!

Scowler is already gone. His mother gone, the fire getting closer, his Mom still lost in darkness

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Mom?

MOM

(shouts O.S)

Everyone to me!

Pachimou takes the lead. Heading off in the direction of the voice, across the face of the approaching fire.

PACHIMOU

This way.

His dozen Siblings follow him.

From his high perch the Killer Turkey can see they are heading in the wrong direction - towards the arc of flames.

KILLER TURKEY

Ha, you're all toast. See ya suckers!

He flaps off downwind through the forest.

We follow his ungainly trajectory through the upper branches, flying short distances from perch to perch.

Below, him the forest is now dense with the dark shapes of creatures scrambling to save themselves - families of pachyrhinosaur, Ankylosuurs, and small nameless mammals, falling over each other in their haste to escape.

KILLER TURKEY (CONT'D)

Who'd be a groundling. It's pathetic. Ha ha ha!

He flies out, laughing maniacally to himself, emerging from the forests edge and is

EXT. THE FOREST'S EDGE.

Snatched clean out of the sky by a ravenous Pterosaur.

Killer-Turkey's flamboyant tail flutters to the ground

All around, there is chaos and carnage

Pterosaurs are surfing the thermals from the fire, diving in like Stuka bombers on the wild-eyed fugitives.

The Troodons are leaping demonically on anything that emerges from the forest, their big eyes glinting fiendishly in the light of the flames.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

And now beyond the Troodons even larger predators are stirring - huge half-seen creatures of darkness racing uphill on thick muscular legs, drawn to the hellish feast.

45 **EXT. THE FOREST.**

45

Deep in the forest Pachimou realises he's heading towards the fire.

He can see it now, fifty yards away, through the dark pillars of the tree trunks, cracking and sparking like a living thing as it sends out its ravenous fiery tentacles racing up trunks and "crowning" in the dry resinous tops of the conifers.

From behind him now, Pachimou can hear his mother calling.

MOM

Pachimou!!

46 **WITH MOM**

46

She's back at the place he left, with half a dozen of her brood, looking for the rest of the family.

47 **WITH PACIMOU**

47

PACHIMOU

Over here!

His small voice is too faint to carry.

He turns and leads his siblings back the way they came, with the fire at their backs and his mother's calls, increasingly desperate, somewhere far ahead.

A thick tangle of thorn-bush blocks his way.

Pachimou, the smallest of the bunch, knows how to get past this - he wriggles through a tunnel made by Alphadon

Thorns scratch and tear at him but adrenaline gives him the strength to push through.

Finally, he is free. Bleeding but relatively safe for now, with clear ground ahead of him

The others try to follow and get stuck.

SIBLINGS

- Go back!
- I can't go back
- Pachimou!!

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

Pachimou can hear the others squealing but can't reach them, dare not go back in there.

He throws back his head and howls at the top of his voice

PACHIMOU

MOM!!

48 **MOM**

48

His mother hears that.

Abandoning the rest of her offspring she bolts towards Pachimou's urgent call, charging through the forest, knocking down tree ferns in his haste.

MOM

I'm coming!!

Pachimou calls to his siblings in the thorn-bush

PACHIMOU

She's coming!!

Then his eyes widen in terror as.....

A huge flaming tree topples directly towards him.

Its crest is a burning torch, growing larger as it approaches, like a fireball, like a flaming comet.

Its going to obliterate him

KERASH!!

It falls just short of him, demolishing the thorn-bush, sending showers of flaming fragments high into the forest.

Pachimou is bowled over by the blast.

When he gets up again there is fire all around him.

The thorn bush where his siblings were ensnared is entirely consumed in flames.

His mother is there, wild eyed and shouting.

MOM

Where are they?! Your brothers and sisters - where are they?

One glance at the flaming bush and she knows the answer.

She howls at the fire, as though grief and anger alone could drive it back, or extinguish it

Then she remembers the others.

(CONTINUED)

MOM (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Pachimou hurries after her, blundering through the undergrowth as flaming splinters from the crown fires drop around him.

An Ankylosaur charges across his path and into the gloom.

ANKYLOSAUR

Repent! Repent! The end of the world is nigh!

MOM arrives at the spot where she left her six other children.

They're all gone.

From the forests edge she hears the dying cries of refugees as they are seized by the waiting predators.

Forgetting Pachimou, she bolts in that direction.

Pachimou blunders after her.

PACHIMOU

Mom? Mom!!

An ember lands on Pachimou's his skin, gets wedged between his collar and his neck.

He bolts, trying to shake it off.

ANKYLOSAUR

This way Young fella!

Powering through the underbrush, bulldozing a path ahead of them.

PACHIMOU

What's happening?

ANKYLOSAUR

End of the world, like I always predicted. Are you ready to meet your maker?

PACHIMOU

No. I just want to see my mom.

Pachimou sees clear sky up ahead. The ember has burnt itself out. He leaves the Anylosaur, tears free of the underbrush, and staggers out into...

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

...the killing zone.

51 **EXT. THE FOREST'S EDGE**

51

Pachimous Mom is nowhere to be seen. The fire is only a few yards behind him.

He looks up. The sky is alive with snapping, biting creatures, outlandishly shaped, like a scene from the hellish imagination of Heironymous Bosch

Pachimou ploughs forwards, away from the ravenous flames.

An adult Troodon sees movement and comes at him.

With a ferocity born of fear and anger Pachimou lowers his head and charges, catches the Troodon on the knee.

The Troodon, caught of balance, is knocked of its feet.

Another Troodon grabs him from behind, by his neck-ruff and shakes.

PACHIMOU

Ow. OO. Ah!

The Troodon bites clean through the bony ring of his neck ruff, spits out the morsel in disgust, then comes in for a better purchase.

Pachimou, winded and stunned, just lies there belly-up.

After the fire, the flight, the loss of his siblings, he barely has the strength to resist.

If this is how his life ends then so be it.

The Troodon towers over him, jaws agape.

Then something truly massive towers over the Troodon.

...and bites its head off.

Pachimou looks up in sheer terror. In his short life to date he's never seen anything this big and scary.

This Gorgosaur is a meat-eater the size of a tow-truck, framed by fire, blood dripping from his jaws.

Pachimou tries to muster a roar.

What emanates, from directly behind him, is a noise that would bust your ear-drums.

It's his father, Bulldust, facing off against the Gorgosaur.

Pachimou gets up and scampers behind his father

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

51

Scowler is there.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Scowler!

SCOWLER

Beat it. This is my spot. Where are the others?

Pachimou bows his head, guiltily

The great bull doesn't even know they are there, exhaling and stomping, lowering his head to display his frill which is changing colour, livid in the firelight, engorged with blood vessels

Pachimou is skipping this way and that, trying to avoid getting stomped by his father's massive hooves.

Finally the giant Gorgosaur backs off. He has his kill - the decapitated Troodon

GORGOSAUR

I'll be back

Then he picks up the headless Troodon and stomps off into the night.

Twitching with adrenaline, Bulldust trots off to bellow about his victory.

BULLDUST

Guys. Anyone! You see that? You see what I just did? Scared off a god-damn Gorgosaur! Did anyone see that?

A roll of thunder, directly overhead, makes Pachimou almost jump out of his skin

Then the heavens open and it begins to rain.

52 **FOREST'S EDGE. RAINING. NIGHT**

52

It falls tentatively at first, fat droplets slapping into their mud and pelting their skin

Then the shower intensifies to a freezing downpour,

53 **IN WIDE SHOT**

53

We see it quenching the forest fires, driving the larger predators back to their lairs.

54 **IN THE FOREST** 54

It falls on the white hot embers at the heart of the fire, raising plumes of ash, clouds of billowing steam

55 **EXT. AT THE FOREST'S EDGE** 55

Soon the charred verge of the forest is awash - dark rivulets of ash-laden water, trickling down the muddy slopes, past the stiffening bodies of carcasses.

Troodons and Pterosaurs remain, feasting on the dead as Pachimou wanders the blighted wasteland, bleating for his mother.

PACHIMOU

Mom?

He finds her a little distance away, mourning the loss of her children.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

MOM?

She has little interest in her two surviving offspring.

As Pachimou tries to find shelter under a dripping palm-frond, she raises her great head, rainwater coursing down her cheeks, and howls her anguish to the moon.

END OF ACT 1

(CONTINUED)

- 55 CONTINUED: 55
- 56 **EXT. NORTHERN SLOPES. DAY.** 56
 The dawn is pale and beautiful - a weak arctic sun just managing to peak over the snow-covered mountain crests of the distant Brooks ranges
- 57 **AERIAL POV:** 57
 The fire has carved a dark swathe through the forest. In places trails of smoke rise from the damp ashes.
- 58 **OCEAN** 58
 A cold wind howls in over the sea - whipping up white-caps, heralding the icy winter gales to come.
- 59 **BY THE FOREST** 59
 Mom turns her head southwards, calling to the other adults in the herd.
- MOM
 Time to Go.
- The others take up her cry and she hears it picked up and repeated by neighbouring groups in the forest.
- PACHYRHINOSAURS
 Time to Go.
 Time to Go.
 Time to Go.
- She heads off across the slope, pausing to graze on berries for a moment as Pachimou and Scowler catch up.
 Behind them, other family groups are on the move.
- 60 **PASSAGE OF TIME** 60
 All through the forest, The exodus gathers momentum
- 61 **FROM ABOVE** 61
 The Circling Pterosaurs follow them.
 Their POV: looking down through the ranks of leafless trees.
 An army of Pachyrhinosaurus are on the move, all headed in the same direction now, congregating and moving on in groups of a dozen, two dozen.

62 **EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST.** 62

Now they're emerging from the trees en mass, a hundred, two hundred.

61 They follow each other in single file, then these lines 61 join and braid together into a single loose knit fabric.

A vast army of them, flowing over the contours of the land

All following the Edmontosaurs northwards, into the great U-shaped valley which now rises above them like a massive gateway flanked by snow covered peaks

63 **EXT. THE GREAT VALLEY.** 63

The valley has been carved, over eons, by the passage of a shallow braided river, which meanders down its base, leaving broad fern meadows either side.

64 **VALLEY. PASSAGE OF TIME** 64

As day follows day the Pachyrhinosaur's follow the Edmontosaur-tracks along this ancient migration route.

NARRATOR

Even on the move, the pachyrhinosaur's must eat constantly to keep up their strength.

Wherever the great herd passes the autumn landscape is stripped of foliage

Small trees and saplings being sheared off by beaks, Ferns being hauled up by their roots - an army of gardeners clearing the land, trampling dung into the soil.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

....and fertilised for the coming year.

The cold winter wind at their back keeps them moving

The light of the sun, a glow behind the mountain range ahead of them encourages them southwards.

65 **PACHIMOU'S POV:** 65

Pachimou, with his damaged neck-ruff is one of the smallest individuals in the great herd.

His POV:

(CONTINUED)

65 CONTINUED:

65

Through the forest of legs he glimpses movement, Troodon and Crystenotes popping up to watch from the river bank.

Pterosaurs and the hawk-like Avisaurus are constantly shadowing the rear of the great convoy, occasionally swooping down to pick off weaklings and stragglers.

PACHIMOU

Are we there yet?

MOM

We've hardly started. Keep moving.

Pachimou picks up the pace.

66 **EXT. RIVER BANK, PASSAGE OF TIME**

66

As day follows night, the river stays to their east on the left hand side of the valley - the great line of Pachyrhinosaurus reflected in its slow moving waters

Bulldust charges past them, scaring off predators on their flank.

PACHIMOU

Was that dad? I think that was dad.

67 **EXT. FAR END OF THE VALLEY**

67

After a week of trekking the river crosses the valley floor from the right hand side to the left.

The herd are obliged to cross it.

68 **EXT. RIVER'S EDGE.**

68

Pachimou is following behind his mother, his view of the world still constrained on every side by the legs of fellow-travellers.

Below his feet he finds the churned up ground is sloping downwards.

Then things are getting suddenly a lot more crowded as the herd funnels down a muddy bank to the river.

Scowler sees the water and stops dead but Pachimou's Mom just plunges straight in with barely a backward glance.

ADULTS

Keep moving kid, you're going to get trampled

69

AT THE RIVER'S EDGE

69

Pachimou follows Scowler, scurrying off to one side, where they stand on an overhanging earthen bank, contemplating the river together.

Pachimou has seen a waterhole before but this looks deep, and wide and dangerous

PACHIMOU

What is it? What is it!

SCOWLER

It's called a river, stop jumping about

Their mother is in a raft of Pachyrhinosaurus, swimming ahead.

The crowd of adults pushing down the entry ramp are too busy to bother with them.

ADULTS

Hey watch your feet. I've got kids here.

Move or get out of the way will ya!

Jees, can you believe this jam, it's the same every holiday season!

A young unrelated female called Pacabel, joins Pachimou and Scowler on the crumbly muddy bank to one side.

PACHIMOU

(to Scowler)

What do we do here? Do we jump?

They don't get a choice. The swelling crush of adult destroys their little vantage point and they all go in together.

70

IN THE WATER

70

Pachimou goes under, then surfaces choking

He grabs a few hasty breaths, then is swamped as another adult comes crashing into the water nearby.

PACHIMOU

Scowler! Scow....lurgle!

He thrashes with his forelegs and backlegs. Propelling himself towards the nearest sandbank.

(CONTINUED)

Behind him, More and more Adults are crashing into the water dozens of them, wading and stumbling as they try to find a purchase on the shifting sands of the river bed, or leaping forwards to escape the crowd.

BULLDUST

Last in's a cissy!! Geronimo!!

Launching himself forwards the bank for maximum effect, sending a great wave of spume over the little ones

For Pachimou it's like the Normandy landings - explosions to the left and right of him as creatures hit the water.

A panicky voice behind him.

PACABEL

Wait for me!

He ignores her, he has enough problems of his own. He keeps struggling forwards until, mercifully his feet find solid ground.

PACHIMOU

Oh God, Oh God!...

Dragging himself onto a soggy island of mud, where Scowler is perched, contemplating the next leg of the crossing. Pacabel arrives

PACABEL

Why didn't you wait for me.

PACHIMOU

Er, cos I was drowning.

SCOWLER

Get off, both of you. I got here first.

PACABEL

Um. Have you seen whats coming?

A dead floating tree comes sailing down the river, driving them off their perch and sending them bobbing and choking across the central part of the river where the current is strongest.

Pachimou hasn't mastered his swimming technique

From below we see his little legs paddling along like ineffectual flippers, his fat little belly low in the water.

72

ON THE SURFACE

72

He finds himself getting swept away from the herd.

He struggles to swim upstream, forelegs and backlegs kicking at top speed, though he seems to be making little progress.

A Pterosaur calls down to him.

PTEROSAUR

Take my advice and give up now,
kid.

Pachimou ignores this, keeps swimming, sees something approaching, like a crocodile.

PACHIMOU

Oh God. Oh God!

Its a log, rolling off downstream.

Pachimou fixes his eyes on the far shore.

He can see his mother emerging from the far side of the river

He can see Scowler and the young female called Pacabel, arriving there with a crowd of other youngsters, congratulating themselves on their achievement.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Wait for m...urgh!

MOM

(calls)

Come on. You can make it

73

ON THE FAR BANK.

73

Pachyrhinosaurus are hauling themselves out of the water, shaking themselves dry and lumbering on to graze on the lush riverside vegetation.

BULLDUST

(to his male friends)

Tell you what. That swim gets
harder every time, we're not
getting any younger.

Pachimou finally arrives, scampers up through the legs of adults, shakes himself.

Peering between his mother's legs he sees the young female, Pacabel, who also made it across, reunited now with her own family group.

She sticks her tongue out at him.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

Then his Mom turns her head Southwards, calling to the herd and they are on the move again.

74 **HELICOPTER SHOT. SUNRISE** 74

Sunrise.

A fabulous vista. The line of animals weaving in and out of the braided river.

75 **RAINSTORM. NIGHT** 75

In driving rain they gather together with their backs against the gale, young ones huddling close to conserve heat.

Then they are off again, steering towards the dull glow on the horizon.

NARRATOR

Every day now the sun is weakening, and food is harder to come by....

76 **HEAD OF THE VALLEY** 76

The valley ends in a broad glacial moraine.

The herd wends their way up and over it.

NARRATOR

...unless you happen to be a carnivore.

77 **GORGOSAUR TERRITORY** 77

A vast, thinly-wooden plateau

The flat ground is scarred by shallow ravines, created by run-off from the surrounding mountains.

In these sunken valleys trees are growing, but the flat ground above the valley is bare heath, with sparse bushy grazing and a few windswept trees.

The constant low howling of the wind gives this place an eerie, brooding atmosphere.

78 **BY A SUNKEN VALLEY** 78

A trio of hawk-like Avisaurus are circling over what turns out to be...

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED:

78

....the carcasses of three or four Edmontosaurs, piled on top of each other, most of the flesh stripped from their bones picked clean.

MOM

Everyone stay close.

CUT TO:

79 **SPIES' POV SHOTS. DAY**

79

A LONG POV SHOT, through trees, as though they are being spied on from afar.

The herd push forward into enemy territory.

NARRATOR

Now the herd are entering bandit country.

80 **THE HERD. DAY.**

80

Pachimou's Mom stays near the head of the convoy, with some of the larger Bulls, like Bulldust, patrolling the flanks and the rear.

NARRATOR

Like a wagon train of olden times they re-arrange themselves in a defensive formation, young ones in the centre of the herd, older bulls on the flanks, and to the rear

81 **IN THE FOOTHILLS**

81

A mile away, where the terrain begins to rise in deeply scarred hills towards the snow-capped peaks, we finally see one of the predators who was observing them

It's a young Gorgosaur - a cousin of Tyrannosaurus Rex - with much the same build: huge legs, tiny two-fingered arms and bone-crunching jaws.

In low light his dark camouflage makes him almost invisible, as he runs low, hugging the contours of the ground, leaping huge ravines on his muscular legs.....

This is THE Black Prince

He vanishes over a rise where we find.....

82 **LAIR OF THE GORGOSAURS**

82

A sunken hollow overhung with trees

(CONTINUED)

Beneath the trees a whole family of Grogosaurs are chewing the remains of an Edmontosaur.

We may recognise the victim, from her head-markings, as the late departer who's kid, Monty was stuck in the swamp

The male Grogosaurs have eaten and are lounging on the outskirts of the group.

NARRATOR

Grogosaurs. If truly warm-blooded these predators would have prodigious appetites, requiring to eat their own body weight in meat every two weeks. (check)

The offspring are play-fighting under they mother's watchful gaze, or licking their mothers faces to get them to give up more food.

But the meat is gone. And the kids are left to play tug of war over the stringy tendons, or attempting to crack the small bones between their molars, as the adults do.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The Grogosaur pups are a few months old.

They retyreat to their mothers as the Black Prince arrives.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

They're a little twitchy around the young males, who are known to be capable of cannibalism.

BLACK PRINCE

(breathless)

They're here.

The adult females - the ace hunters of the group, unfold their long muscular bodies and go to investigate.

EXT THE LOOKOUT POINT. DAY

The sky is as light as it ever gets this time of year.

The hunters appear on the ridge looking down.

Their POV:

THE VALLEY FLOOR. DAY

The herd advancing - Over a thousand Pachyrhinosaurus moving forward into Grogosaur territory.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Its a critical time for the Gorgosaurs. This great Pacyrhinosaur migration is their last best chance of a feast which will sustain them through the winter

85 **ON THE RIDGE**

85

The female Gorgosaurs run back to their broods, then they run back to the ridge again, to check the progress of the herd.

They're nervy and agitated. A moment of truth is fast approaching.

NARRATOR

For the hunting females. It's a complex calculation. They know that secondary predators are lurking in these wooded valleys, and in the skies above. If the Gorgosaurs leave to hunt now, they will be risking the safety of their own young. If they don't leave, the migratory herd will have been scattered by rival groups of predators.

The Black Prince and most of the females make the choice leave, entrusting their litters to the care of an older GRANDMOTHER

One young female, called GORDANA stays behind, still conflicted.

86 **EXT THE HEATHLAND. DAY**

86

The Pachyrhinosaur convoy bunch closer, picking up the pace now, smelling the scent of predators on the wind.

87 **CENTRE OF THE HERD**

87

In the pack of legs and bodies, Pachimou can no longer see his mother.

NARRATOR

The centre of the Pachyrhinosaur herd has its own dangers.

Pachimou keeps his eyes on Scowler and tries to keep up as they accelerate to a nervy jog, animals barging and stumbling around him, grunting and cursing each other

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED:

87

PACHYRHINOUSAURS

- Hey a bit of personal spce will ya!
- And no mounting!
- Ow! My Toe!

88 **EXT GORGOSAUR LAIR**

88

Gordana, the young female Gorgosaur hesitates a few moments longer, farewelling her young.

Then, leaving the older female to oversee her young, she races off to rejoin the hunting party, running fast to catch up with the others, before she changes her mind.

89 **EXT. SUNKEN VALLEY**

89

We see her racing down one of the sunken valleys, silent, fast and supremely athletic.

90 **ARIEL VIEW**

90

The valleys join and divide, following the erosion patterns of the streams and rivulets which created them

Various family groups of Gorogosaur, like rival army platoons, moving under the cover of the trees.

They are using the sunken valleys to get as close as possible to the advancing herd before finally revealing themselves

91 **THE PACHYRINOSAUR HERD.**

91

The Pachyrhinosaur herd know whats coming.

They stick to the open heath, shying away from the wooded valleys and ravines where they know Gorgosaurs will be lurking.

They're moving at what, for them, is top speed now - a fast, lumbering trot over the difficult rutted terrain.

92 **PACHIMOU**

92

Hemmed in by pounding hooves, Pachimou can see only a few feet in front of him.

Trenches, bushes and tree-stumps come rearing up at him in sudden bewildering close-up, obliging him to dodge and swerve.

A nearby adult mis-steps and lurches sideways. Pachimou narrowly avoids being trampled on.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

Another juvenile is not so lucky. She falls and is crushed under the pounding hooves.

Pachimou looks back. Pacabel is still with them as.....

93 **SIDES OF THE HERD**

93

The Gorgosaurs break from cover, running parallel with the herd in easy strides.

The female, Gordana, has caught up with the others. We see her through a screen of running Pachyrhinosaurus, trying to pick a target.

94 **GORGOSAURS POV**

94

From the Gorgosaurs POV The massed Pachyrhinosaurus make a daunting sight - tough leathery skin and serrated neck ruffs.

In this rapidly passing goods train Its hard to find a point of weakness to attack.

The Black Prince thinks he sees an opening and makes a break.

He runs at the side of the herd and takes a flying leap at an exposed juvenile.

It's a rash, ill-timed move.

Bulldust, thundering along on the flank of the herd, rears up his head and catches the Black Prince a tremendous blow on the fleshy part of his thigh

With a cry the Black Prince falls awkwardly. The herd charges past like an express train, trampling his ankle.

The Black Prince gets to his feet and limps off painfully.

The great contest has only just begun and already he's out of it, like a star footballer, injured in the opening play, watching the herd thunder onwards.

95 **WITH THE PACHYRHINOSAURS**

95

Bulldust, romping along on the right hand flank is typically full of himself.

BULLDUST

Ha! Did you see that asshole! Did I show him who's boss or what?

Then, yelling to the other Gorgosaurs.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

BULLDUST (CONT'D)

Come on ya pussies, show us what
you've got.

96 **GORGOSAURS**

96

The Gorgosaurs need no encouragement. Three different groups are already in the open.

Gordana's group make a sudden thrust into the column and succeed in splitting off a dozen slower Pachyrhinosaur from the rear of the herd.

The hapless subgroup scatter and are doomed.

Gordana sees her chance and sprints after a juvenile pachyrhinosaur.

Two of her sisters join the chase. One leaps on the victim's back. The other goes for the throat.

In a few seconds its all over.

Elsewhere, a big noisy adult Pachyrhinosaur has been isolated and brought down.

Shreiks of the dying Pachyrhinosaur fill the air as the vice-like jaws of the Gorgosaurs, with their nine-inch teeth clamp down on a throat, a leg.

Secondary predators - Troodons and Pterosaurs, immediately move in to contest the kills.

GORDANA

Get lost. This one's ours.

97 **THE PACHYRHINOSAUR HERD**

97

Panicked by the attack, The herd of Pachyrinosaur veers this way and that, beginning to fragment.

Mom Pachyrhinosaur feels the forward impetus begin to falter

98 **NEAR THE HEAD OF THE HERD.**

98

She slows and looks around, scanning the terrain like a seasoned veteran of battle, picking out groups of attackers poised to strike, some in the foreground some in the middle distance.

She raises her head and bellows

MOM

Form circles! Hold your ground.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

But the herd swirls this way and that, reacting to each new attack with panic and confusion.

99 **AMIDST THE HERD**

99

At ground level, in the thick of the herd, Pachimou is lost amidst the chaos of battle

Blinded by dust, stumbling on the churned- up terrain.

PACHIMOU

Mom! Scowler!

His cries are lost among the stamping and bellowing.

100 **ELSEWHERE. IN ONE OF THE DEFENSIVE CIRCLES.**

100

Mom keeps calling instructions to the rest of the herd.

MOM

Young ones in the centre, adults
on the flanks!

Finally, those around her begin to close ranks - raising their huge bony frills in a threat display to the Gorgosaurs.

As some kind of order is restored, the dust clears. Pachimou catches sight of Scowler, and his Mom

But Bulldust, typically has his own ideas.

BULLDUST

Theres a gap, I'm out of here.

He breaks ranks and heads for the wide space between two clans of Gorgosaurs.

As he runs he picks up a few dozen followers, who break off from the main herd in a wild dash for safety.

Scowler sees his father bolting and chases after him.

SCOWLER

Dad! Wait for me

Pachimou looks from his mother, gathering the troops around her, to his father, dashing for safety, and makes a split-second decision

He goes with his father.

A bunch of other Pacyrhinosaurus - adults and young - make the same fatal choice and suddenly...

101 **AMIDST THE STAMPEDE** 101

Pacimou is in the centre of the small tearaway group.

Gorogosaurs are closing in from the rear, driving them away from the main herd.

MOM
(calls after them)
No! Its a trap!

102 **REAR OF THE STAMPEDE** 102

But Pachimou is committed now, going as fast as his short legs will carry him, following his larger brother

PACHIMOU
Scowler! Wait for me

103 **AT THE HEAD OF THE SPLINTER GROUP** 103

At the head of the breakaway group, Bulldust is charging madly across what looks like level ground, but then....

His POV: A hidden ravine yawns directly in front of them.

104 **AT THE LIP OF THE RAVINE** 104

Bulldust tries to jam on the brakes but its too late.

The momentum of the herd carries him forward. Animals slam into him from behind.

The lip of the ravine crumbles underneath him.

Its two wide to jump, but that doesn't stop him trying.

BULLDUST
Geronim --- Oh shit

He drops six feet into the ravine. His legs buckle under him. We hear bones crack.

He's still alive, but he cannot move, as other hapless Pachyrinosaurus fall on top of him.

BULLDUST (CONT'D)
Off. Arrgh. Oh.

When Scowler arrives at the lip of the ravine there are half dozen adults in there, injured and dying, or struggling to get clear.

SCOWLER
Dad. DAD!!

(CONTINUED)

His father is at the bottom of the pile, only his head visible, his eyes already glazing over as death claims him.

BULLDUST

(croaks)

Run. Save yourself!.

Scowler immediately races off with the rest of the fugitives.

But Pachimou hovers at the edge of the ravine.

PACHIMOU

Dad?

His father is dead.

He turns. His brother is racing off with the rest of the splinter-group.

To either side, a few injured Pachyrhinosaurus are dragging themselves out of the ravine - easy pickings for the Gorgosaurs.

Pachimou, panting with fear and exhaustion, looks left and right for a route of escape but these few seconds of hesitation have cost him dearly.

Now there are ravenous Gorgosaurs coming at him from all directions, homing in on the fresh meat in the ravine

The very earth shakes as a dozen of them race towards Pachimou on their massive muscular legs, racing to be first to the kill.

He squeaks hopelessly, flattening himself into the ground, bracing himself for certain death as....

The massive Gorgosaurs leap right over his head, landing on the pile of adult corpses in the ravine,

....where a massive heavyweight fight ensues over possession of the kill.

Pachimou can't believe he's still alive.

The giant Gorgosaurs are clawing and snapping at each other.

Pachimou scrabbles off to the side, then starts running off parallel with the ravine as far as his short legs will carry him as.

106 **AT THE EDGE OF THE RAVINE.** 106

The Black Prince arrives, limping, at the scene of the pile- up where now half a dozen Gorgosaurs are contesting the kill.

ALPHA MALE

Gerroff. No cripples!

The Black Prince bobs his head submissively, tries to sneak in and pull off a piece of meat but a large male Gorgosaur bellows at him.

LARGE MALE

I said back off and Wait!

Angry and humiliated the Black Prince turns to see Pachimou, some fifty yards away. The runty Pachyrhinosaur is barely a square meal - but he's easy meat.

The Black Prince comes after him, covering the ground remarkably fast with his awkward hobbling gait.

Pachimou knows he cannot outrun this creature. He turns on his heeland falls down the side of the ravine.

107 **EXT. WALL OF THE RAVINE** 107

Earth, roots, spinning sky.

UntilWHAM!....He lands on the rocks at the base of the ravine.

Above him, the Black Prince lowers his great head and roars his displeasure, looking for a way down with his injured ankle.

108 **EXT. IN THE RAVINE** 108

Pachimou scrambles along the awkward, stony base of the ravine, hooves slipping on wet rocks, tripping over tree roots.

109 **EXT. EDGE OF THE RAVINE** 109

The Black Prince keeps pace with him.

His POV: tracking Pachimou's movement, constantly scanning the edges of the ravine for a way down.

110 **EXT, IN THE RAVINE** 110

Pachimou, heart thudding, keeps struggling along the rocky base.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Desperate, he looks from side to side, trying and failing to find a way out.

The tree-cover is thinning. The ravine is getting shallower.

111 **EXT. THE RAVINE**

111

The Black Prince jumps down into the ravine landing on his injured ankle with a howl of pain.

Pachimou flees down the twisting ravine.

He almost runs into a group of professorial-looking Crystenotes, who are scavenging an old kill and is delighted to see a young Pachyrhinosaur running straight towards him.

CRYSTENOTES

Oh. Did someone order lunch

Then Crystenotes jump out their skin when they see the gorgosaur which is chasing him.

Flapping their feathered arms, the Crystenotes run up the side of the ravine, over the lip and away.

Pachimou sees a hole between tree roots and darts into it

BLACK PRINCE

Come here you little bastard!

He follows, Thrusting his great blunt head right into the hole.

112 **IN THE HOLE**

112

Pachimou reverses deeper and deeper into the hole as....

The Black Prince thrusts his great head further and further in, tree roots breaking, huge teeth snapping, inches from Pachimou's face.

Pachimou has reached the end of the burrow. He can't retreat any further

The Black Prince pushes and struggles with his muscular legs but can't get far enough in. Instead he pulls his head out and starts clawing at the soil with his huge powerful back legs.

One of the Crystenotes comes back to watch.

A tree weakened by the undermining, creaks and shivers.

The Gorgosaur keeps digging.

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

Crystenotes hops onto the tree, in anticipation of a kill

The tree creaks some morethen cracks!

The Black Prince hurries out of the way as,

The tree crashes down, its shattered trunk completely blocking the entrance to Pachimous burrow.

BLACK PRINCE

Oh great. Thats perfect

With a roar of displeasure, he gives up on his quarry and storms off.

113 **IN THE BURROW**

113

Pachimou listens to the stamping feet recede, but dares not poke his head out.

Crystenotes puts his head in.

PACIMOU

Fuck off!!

CRYSTENOTES

Language!

He leaves.

114 **PASSAGE OF TIME**

114

Pachimou stays watching the sky darken on his little window on the world, listening to the roaring and fighting of Gorgosaurs further up the ravine.

Presently he closes his eyes and sleeps.

115 **EXT. LAIR OF THE GORGOSAURS.**

115

The stars are out when the young female Gorgosaur, Gordana, returns to her lair.

The older female who stayed as guardian growls a challenge on her approach but she calls back.

GORDANA

It's alright its just me.

She walks forward into the moonlight, dragging a haunch of Pachyrhinosaur meat.

GORDANA (CONT'D)

Did everyone miss me.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

The Children are all over her, more interested in the gift of food than in their mother.

She's happily surveying her rowdy brood when out of the clear night sky....

A snowflake falls.

It drifts down and settles, then another, and another....

116 **INT. HOLE. MORNING**

116

Pachimou wakes, sensing that the world has changed somehow.

117 **EXT. BURROW/TREE ROOTS**

117

He pokes his head out of his burrow, half expecting the great roaring Gorgosaur to pounce on him from behind - he's been attacked that way before.

The entrance to his hole is still obstructed with tree roots ...and something unfamiliar.

Pachimou pushes through the roots, dislodging a great shower of cold snow on his head.

PACHIMOU

What the ...!

He retreats then tries again.

Every time he disturbs the fallen tree another dump of snow falls on his head.

118 **EXT. RAVINE. DAY.**

118

Finally he struggles out into the base of the ravine, which is covered in a blanket of snow.

NARRATOR

We now know that dinosaurs were equipped to survive sub-zero temperatures.

We suspect they were somewhat warm blooded, like modern birds, as opposed to cold blooded reptiles. Here in the north snow would have been part of their environment

Pachimou advances cautiously along the ravine, suddenly disappearing over his head into a deep fluffy drift.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

That doesn't, of course, make it easy to deal with.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

Pachimou struggles out of the snow-drift.

He attempts to climb the sloping side of the ravine and skids back ass-first.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Especially on your first encounter.

Pachimou heads off down the ravine, ploughing a little trench through the snow.

119 **ICE-MELT. RAVINE. DAY**

119

A little way further down he hears the sound of running water.

Theres a spring here.

Trying to get a drink, Pachimou slips and dislodges some icicles which clatter around him

He's recovering from this fright when he hears animal noises.

Friend of foe?

He listens and the noise comes again, a low ghostly bellow and a response, from somewhere beyond the lip of the ravine.

He knows these voices.

But he still has to get out of this river-bed.

120 **EXT RAVINE. "THE BOULDER". DAY**

120

A short distance further along a huge boulder has fallen in the ravine, creating a ramp he can climb out on.

He's half way up this ramp when his feet dislodge a slab of snow and he realises he is climbing on the dead, frozen corpse of a some large herbivore.

In his horror, Pachimou starts to slide, can't control his downwards trajectory and ends up slipping in reverse all the way to the bottom of the chute.

Again, the ghostly calling from beyond the lip of the gorge.

Pachimou starts up the climb again.

A Pterosaur flies low overhead and vanishes into the mist, failing to spot him

Pachimou keeps climbing.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

The last section is a narrow, precarious snow-bridge - the thick, snow-covered tail of the dead monster.

Pachimou makes it across onto solid ground.

121 **EXT. THE PLAIN. WHITE-OUT DAY.**

121

The snowy heathland is cloaked in low-lying mist. Visibility is twenty yards at best.

The ghostly cries are coming closer. He can feel, through the frozen ground beneath his feet, the vibration of many heavy footfalls

Pachimou senses this is not his tribe, but he is too cold and exhausted to run.

He stands there, as a great shadowy form comes looming out of the mist.

Its an Edmontosaur, one of the large peaceable herbivores from the swamp country on the Northern slopes.

There's another adult behind her and another and another - a convoy of the giant beasts, isolated somehow from the main migration, plodding Southwards on the same migratory trail as the Pachyrhinosaurus.

Pachimou backs away and stands there, watching as the great caravan passes.

The Edmontosaurs ignore him - this tiny abandoned waif by the wayside.

Steam is rising from their breaths and their massive bodies. It looks warm and companionable in the midst of that great tribe and Pachimou is drawn to join them.

A juvenile stops. Its Monty, another orphan.

PACHIMOU

Hi

MONTY

Hi

Its the one who's mother was eaten by Gorgosaurs

Where are you going?

MONTY

Denali.

PACHIMOU

Will my mum be at Denali

(CONTINUED)

MONTY

Mine sure aint

The column of Edmontosaurs is beginning to thin. Pachimou looks hopefully for some sign of his own kind following behind.

Theres no-one there, only the dark shadows of the petrosaur, endlessly circling in the mist, waiting for a tail-ender to drop out of the herd.

MONTY (CONT'D)

(looks back)

You coming or what

NARRATOR

The young Pachyrhinosaur knows there is safety in numbers and, in the absence of his own herd, any herd will do.

Pachimou joins Monty and together they fall into step with the great convoy of Edmontosaurs.

122 **EXT. COASTAL RIDGE. DAY.**

122

Two days later, the sky has cleared, the snow has melted,

As the Edmontosaurs cross a ridge of sand and windswept bushes, a strange and novel vista opens up in front of Pachimou - the Western coast.

It's the first time Pachimou has seen rollers on a beach, and this beach seems to stretch forever - a long flat expanse of sand extending Southwards into the misty ozone-haze.

The Edmontosaurs descend through the cold windswept dunes and Pachimou follows them, his feet sinking into the cold, soft sand.

The Music over is Joni Mitchell: Come in from the Cold.

SONG

We really thought we
had a purpose
We were so anxious to achieve
We had hope
The world held promise
For a slave to liberty
I slaved away for something better
And I was bought and sold
And all I ever wanted
Was just to come in from the cold

123

ON. THE BEACH. DAY.

123

The Edmontosaurs continue on southwards, the constant wind on their flanks, blasting them with sand, their delicate hoof-prints interspersed with the circular imprints of Pachimous flat feet.

The sand is littered with Ammonite shells.

SONG

Come in, come in
Come in from the cold
Come in, come in
Come in from the cold

Occasionally the Edmontosaurs divert to feed on the piles of kelp which lie washed up on the beach.

Pachimou tries to eat it and spits it out in disgust.

Rootling for something more palatable - some rotten driftwood perhaps - he uncovers a group of large hermit crabs which scuttle around threatening with their pincers.

CRABS

En garde m'sieur! I will pince you
with my mighty pincer. Snap snap!
Ha ha! Cowards!

Pachimou and Monty chase the crabs to the waters edge where a big wave swamps them, driving them back to the rest of the herd.

Sea birds call and hover above the crashing waves, wind-blown sand rattles through the dry bushes.

NARRATOR

Unable to share the Edmontosaurs
diet, the greatest threat to the
little Pachyrhinosaur is now
starvation

124

EXT. ROCKPOOLS. NIGHT

124

At night the sea is full of phosphorescence. Luminous crashing waves glitter and sparkle against the night sky

The moon is reflected in rockpools. Pachimou stops and stares into their depths, fascinated by the miniature splendour of the underwater world - anemones retracting as he disturbs the surface.

129 **WITH PACHIMOU**

129

Falling over himself in his excitement, trying to run and eat all at once, Pachimou is goes bounding downhill.

A pair of Troodons spring from the undergrowth to ambush him.

Pachimou just runs straight through him.

They give chase but now Pachimou has entered the fringes of the Pachyrhinosaur herd and a large grazing bull, built like a nightclub bouncer stops the pursuing Troodons in their tracks.

BOUNCER

If you don't have a ticket, Dont even think about it.

The Troodons slink away.

130 **AMONG THE PACHYRHINOSAUR HERD.**

130

Pachimou is scampering between the grazing forms of his own kind, delighted to be among them, calling for him Mom.

PACHIMOU

Mom? Mom!

He finds a likely-looking female

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Are you my Mom?

She turns.

LARGE FEMALE

No but you look a lot like my cousin's kid.

He runs on through the munching herd

PACHIMOU

Mom. Mom!

Theres an unfamiliar carnival atmosphere within the herd

The young adult Pachyrhinosaurus aged five years and older, seems to be in particularly frisky mood - the young males charging and butting each other, the young females drifting between the gangs of combative males

Finally Pachimou finds his mother. She looks up from her grazing

MOM

Oh. It's you. You made it.

(CONTINUED)

She doesn't nuzzle him or anything. That's not her style. But she's clearly proud he got here.

Scowler snorts jealously, cross at being displaced in his mothers affection.

SCOWLER

The Runt! I don't believe it.

PACHIMOU

Hi Scowler.

SCOWLER

Go eat over there. You're not eating this patch.

MOM

Scowler. Share. There's plenty here for everyone.

She returns to her grazing.

Pachimou bends his head and starts eating alongside her, finally back with his own kind, in this fertile place, sheltered from the freezing north wind and bathed in the multicoloured lights of the Aurora.

PACHIMOU

You won't believe where I've been.

MOM

Tell me.....

131 **DENALI THREE MONTHS LATER**

131

We FADE IN the guitar chords of "Landslide" by Fleetwood Mac as....

Edmontosaurs trudge backwards out of the Denali Valley, the sun peeking over the Souther horizon behind them as they begin the trek home

SONG

I took my love, I took it down -
Climbed a mountain and I turned
around
And I saw my reflection in the
snow covered hills
Till the landslide brought me
down.

132 **DENALI TWO WEEKS LATER**

132

Now the Pachyrhinosaurus are on the move also

137 **THE SAME. ONE WEEK LATER** 137

He pauses from feeding to watch as his mother deposits a new clutch of eggs in the nesting mound and carefully covers it with mulch.

Soon she will have another family to care for the bond between them is diminishing.

SONG

But time makes you bolder
Even children get older and I'm
getting older too

138 **EXT. THE VALLEYS. PASSAGE OF TIME** 138

Now, at the start of his second year, the herd are trekking southward through the great valley again, crossing and recrossing the braided river where the Pterosaurs ride the up-draughts, fish spawn and Troodons hunt.

139 **EXT. THE BRAIDED RIVER.** 139

Once Pachimou was out of his depth in this shallow river. Now he plunges confidently straight in, and swims across it with the others.

140 **EXT. THE LONG BEACH. DAY** 140

The young Edmontosaur, Monty, is trekking again down the hundred mile beach to Denali, eyes narrowed against the windblown sand

141 **EXT. THE NARROW VALLEY. DAY** 141

Pachimou aged 3, is one of a few hundred dinosaurs, returning along the long narrow valley, the whole procession reflected in the still dark water of its lake.

He looks up to the mountain towering above them and the wedge-shaped scar of the landslide beginning slowly to heal as foliage grows back over it.

SONG

Awh, take my love, take it down
Awh, climb a mountain and turn
around
And if you see my reflection in
the snow covered hills
Well, the landslide bring it down
Oh, the landslide bring it down.

Instrumental music continues over as....

142 **EXT. GORGOSAUR. TERRITORY.**

142

To the soothing strains of guitar, we watch The Gorogosaurs attack,

But Pachimou has learnt his lesson and now he stands firm with others of his kind: shoulder to shoulder in a tight defensive ring, protecting the young ones in the centre of the group.

NARRATION

Each year, travelling from the northern slope to Denali and back, the herd must run the gauntlet of predators.

Among the Gorogosaurs, raging noiselessly outside the cordon, we recognise the lame Black Prince - Pachimou's childhood nemesis.

The Pachyrhinosuars hold their formation, and finally the Gorgosuars abandon them, running off in search of easier pickings.

NARRATOR

Each year the youngster grows stronger, more confident, and more aware of how best to maximize his chances of survival: keep in the centre of the herd, eat whenever there is food, face enemies head-on....
And never trust a Troodon.

As ever Troodons are lurking nearby.

Pachimou mock-charges and drives them off. He's bigger than them now and they take fright.

PACHIMOU

(to his pals)
I love doing that.

143 **EXT. SADDLE. NIGHT**

143

In his Fifth year: The herd trekking south crests the final rise above Denali.

A dozen, two dozen, a hundred of them, silhouetted against the huge moon and the stars, pausing on the ridge for a moment, as though to admire the view then....

144 **EXT DENALI. NIGHT**

144

Romping downhill once more into the lush sheltered feeding grounds of Denali.

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

As the instrumental ends and....

145 **EXT. DENALI.**

145

Pachimou finds himself to be an adult, with a full bony ruff around his neck. (albeit with a chunk missing).

NARRATOR

By the fifth year, the youngster is a mature adult...

Pachimou himself is feeling frisky and combative, like the young adults he encountered here in his first year.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

....with a bunch of unfamiliar hormones to contend with.

The juvenile scampering and playing together he's accustomed to has now taken on a more serious edge.

Males bow their heads to display the great bony ruffs, posturing and sometimes clashing in a vigorous ceremonial dance.

Pachimou positions himself between a female and a large male.

The two suitors display their neck ruffs to each other.

The female rolls her eyes and goes back to grazing.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The neck ruffs were hoops of bone, rather than solid structures, and used mainly for display.

Pachimou displays his neck ruff again, constantly shifting position to stay between his chosen female and the opposing male.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

But if push came to shove, the bony snouts could deliver a painful bruise.

The male charges at Pachimou and knocks him back on his haunches.

Pachimou gets up, shakes himself and trots away, trying to pretend that didn't hurt.

PACHIMOU

OK. Good technique. You got me.

Heading off, painfully, to look for other females.

Follow Pachimou as he moves among the grazing herds - Pachyrhinosaurus and Edmontosaurs sharing the same territory.

Monty, now grown, is engaged in similar mating contests with his peers, inflating their nasal sacs, standing on two legs and trumpeting.

Pachimou wonders at the absurdity of this behaviour.

PACHIMOU

Too weird

He spots a couple of possible mates, starts heading towards them, frisky and hopeful when large aggressive male interposes himself.

Pachimou bows his head submissively.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Just ...passing through.

Finally he spots a young female grazing alone. No males in sight. Pachimou approaches.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I er

YOUNG FEMALE

I'm eating.

PACHIMOU

We could eat together.

YOUNG FEMALE

Whatever.

They graze together. Pachimou staying close and constantly raising his head to scout for other opportunities.

He sees one.

PACHIMOU

Mind if she joins us too?

YOUNG FEMALE

Go for it.

She watches as Pachimou introduces himself, and brings the other female over

He's cock-a hoop now, two females in his care! Looking around for a third and even a fourth perhaps.

He starts posturing and flirting with every female he sees, under the wild disco-lights of the aurora.

(CONTINUED)

Cue Song: Lou Bega Mambo Number 5

SONG

A little bit of Monica in my life,
 A little bit of Erica by my side.
 A little bit of Rita's all I need,
 A little bit of Tina's all I see.
 A little bit of Sandra in the sun,
 A little bit of Mary all night
 long.
 A little bit of Jessica here I am,
 A little bit of you makes me your
 man!!!

Any male who passes, gay or straight, Pachimou displays his ruff at them.

GAY MALE

Ew. What happened to your ruff.

PACHIMOU

Nothing happened to it.

GAY MALE

It so did. It's got a big chunk
 missing right here on the.....

PACHIMOU

No touching!! Wanna fight!?

MALE

Jees, touchy or what.

Pachimou spots a third female and recruits her to his group.

SONG

Jump up and down and move it all
 around.
 Shake your head to the sound, put
 your hands on the ground.
 Take one step left and one step
 right.
 One to the front and one to the
 side.
 Clap your hands once and clap your
 hands twice
 And if it look like this then
 you're doing it right.

Pachimou struts around, counting and recounting the females in his group, grazing on some ferns, rolling in a dustbowl, just for sheer the hell of it.

SONG (CONT'D (CONT'D)

A little bit of Monica in my life,
 A little bit of Erica by my side.
 A little bit of Rita's all I need,
 A little bit of Tina's all I see.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SONG (CONT'D (CONT'D))

A little bit of Sandra in the sun,
 A little bit of Mary all night
 long.
 A little bit of Jessica here I am,
 A little bit of you makes me your
 man!!!!!!!!!!

At the climax of the song Pachimou attempts to mount one of the females but she shakes him off and goes back to grazing.

Pachimou gets up and dusts himself down, hoping no-one saw that.

He looks around and sees.

Pacabel. The female calf from the river all those years ago, now a beautiful mature female, and apparently not yet taken.

Pachimou scampers over to her.

PACHIMOU

Pacabel? It's me. The kid from the river. You remember

PACABEL

Yeah. I remember. You left me to drown.

PACHIMOU

You look fantastic. I was wondering if you'd care to come over and eat at my place.

A much older bull with a military air swaggers over to them.

OLD MAJOR

Do you mind? She's eating at my place. And that's our luncheon you're stepping on.

Pachimou charges him, depending on the element of surprise.

They crack noses. The Old bull stands immobile as a rock. Pachimou's ears are ringing. His eyes are watering

OLD MAJOR (CONT'D)

Now get the hell off my land!

PACHIMOU

Ow. Can't breathe. I think I've got a deviated septum.

(to Pacabel)

If you change your mind, you know where I live.

(CONTINUED)

THE OLD MAJOR
(To Pachimou)
I know where you live. Now scam

Pachimou heads back, slightly concussed, to his own patch of grazing to find....

Whats this! His other girls have all been taken.

PACHIMOU
Girls? Girls?!

147 **ELSEWHERE IN THE HERD**

147

Running this way and that looking for his lost womenfolk, he blunders into the territory of various males and gets chased off.

148 **THE SAME. LATER**

148

Finally he finds two "his" females are now under the protection of his brother Scowler.

PACHIMOU
Et Tu Scowler?

SCOWLER
Say what?

PACHIMOU
.... They were with me.

SCOWLER
Well, they're with me now. You want to make something of it?

He paws the ground and displays his crest, spoiling for a fight.

He's big and muscular and Pachimou is no longer up for it.

PACHIMOU
No. I guess not. As long as they're happy.

The females don't seem to care who they're with.

Pachimou's ears droop and he trots off, trying to act unconcerned.

149 **LATER**

149

He stands alone, looking South as the sun comes up : a tiny ember of light, flaring for one glorious moment, then sinking again, as if exhausted by the effort.

(CONTINUED)

149 CONTINUED:

149

The herd are calling to each other, raising their heads from feeding as, momentarily, the colours come back into the landscape.

The matriarch calls:

MOM

Pack your things folks. We're moving out.

The aurora has faded. The months of disco are ending.

MOM (CONT'D)

And remember everyone, "leave nothing but your footprints".

Pachimou watches as the others file past. Seems like everyone except him is going home with a girl.

TROODON

Ha ha. Loser.

For once, Pachimou can't summon the energy to charge at him.

150 **EXT NORTH OF DENALI, PASSAGE OF TIME**

150

The Pachyrhinosaurus are on the move again, their square bodies throwing immensely long shadows as the sun behind them rises higher and higher, flooding the landscape with light.

NARRATOR

Every day of spring brings longer periods of sunlight.

151 **EXT. THE SOUTHERN. FOOTHILLS**

151

Close on a single fern leaf as the sunlight catches it and the tightly coiled knot of foliage unfolds.

A whole plant, a whole meadow of plants, opening to greet the new day

NARRATOR

With the light comes new plant growth. Ferns emerge from their long suspended animation - and a wave of green starts seeping northwards, drawing the herd with it.

A Pachyrhinosaur chops the head off the fern

152 **BROOKS RANGES. TIME LAPSE. SATTELITE VIEW** 152

A band of green moving northwards as the Southern foothills of the Brooks ranges come back to life, the huge herd following the wave of green

153 **EXT. THE MIGRATORY HERDS** 153

The grazing dinosaurs wade knee-deep through fields of bright green fern, pausing to crop and strip the stems with their beaks

Hold on a small patch of ground as...

154 **FERN MEADOW. ECU.** 154

In extreme close up, newly hatched insects begin struggling out of their winter tombs.

NARRATOR

The insects return, emerging from eggs which have lain dormant all winter.

Faintly at first, the underbrush starts humming with the sound of insect life.

A worm surfaces to check out what's happening, and gets snatched by a Crystenotes.

WORM

Yikes!

A huge foot demolishes his worm-hole as....

155 **EXT. FERN MEADOWS** 155

The Dinosaurs trudge onwards, blinking and snuffling as the familiar summer pests, return to feed on the damp edges of their mouths and nostrils, the

NARRATOR

And with the insects, come the birds, hungry after their own much longer migrations.

PUSH up, to see the first flock of returning birds heading northwards under pink sunlit clouds.

156 **EXT. HIGH MEADOWS ARIAL VIEW** 156

REVERSE TO: Birds-eye view of the dinosaurs, a massive army, trekking uphill now towards the high mountain passes, which lie shrouded in mist and clouds.

157 **EXT. THE INCLINE.** 157

Pachimou's POV, looking sideways across the incline:

The dinosaurs climb up through the cloud base their heads then bodies and legs disappearing into the mist....

158 **EXT. HIGH PASS.** 158

Dense cloud envelops the herd and the temperature drops

NARRATOR

But at higher altitudes, the
climate remains unpredictable.

Pachimou emerges out of the clouds into what seems like a previous season.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Here in the high passes, the
dinosaurs route home remains
locked in Winter's grip.

Snow lies thick on the ground above them.

He's used to this stuff. He can handle it.

As they ascend it becomes thicker and the herd slows.

One elderly Pachyrhinosaur can go no further, she lies in the snow and refuses to move, as the rest of the herd file past her.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

For the sick and elderly this will
be their last crossing.

Pachimou trudges past

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

....and for some of the healthy
ones also.....

159 **EXT. MAXIMUM ELEVATION. DAY** 159

This is the highest point of their journey - a long narrow valley which cuts through the mountain ranges.

Its base is flat and treeless, its sides clad in thin saplings

160 **HIGH SHOT - THE HIGH VALLEY** 160

Looking down from the mountaintops we see the huge herd pass below us.

161 **THE WATERFALL**

161

Light flares to the South: Sunlight, finally penetrating the mouth of the valley.

Snow-melt drips from the snow-laden branches, and from a narrow waterfall on the ice-clad rocks.

A few Pachyrhinosaurus stop to drink.

Pachimous POV: The water runs off into the snow and disappears somewhere beneath them. Strange.

162 **AT THE FRONT OF THE HERD**

162

The old matriarch, Mom, forges onwards.

Scowler and his females are in the group immediately behind her.

Pachimou is fifty yards behind Scowler

Mom hears an unfamiliar sound - a low subterranean BOOM - which echoes around the valley.

Then silence

She hesitates, listening, then pushes onwards.

Twenty yards further on the same sound comes again.

It spooks Pachimou and he veers off sideways, skidding on something hard and shiny, hidden beneath the snow.

He stops and looks down at his feet.

His reflection looks darkly back up at him - like the reflection seen years ago, in his youth, in the surface of this very lake.

The herd keep moving past him. Pachimou stands there, breathing hard.

There's something not right here. Something familiar and unfamiliar about this place.

He looks up at the high tree-covered walls of the canyon, with its snow-covered outcrops, and its rosy peaks above

Theres a V shaped scar in the hillside here - the scar of the old landslide.

They are walking down the same narrow canyon which he has passed down many times before: the canyon with the long, deep lake it it.

Except, this time, They are walking on the snow-covered surface of that lake!

(CONTINUED)

162 CONTINUED:

162

As his mind processes this, there's another sudden loud explosion up ahead.

163 **AT THE FRONT OF THE HERD.**

163

Mom, and other leaders of the herd realize too late that the ice beneath their feet is cracking.

They try to back away but this merely concentrates their weight in one spot.

The whole centre of the lake is fragmenting now.

As they reverse in panic, a huge section of ice breaks free and tilts up, a Slab of ice fifty meters wide and a meter thick - weed and mud welded to its underside.

The animals slide backwards, breaking the ice behind them as they are pitched into the frozen water.

Now there's another echoing crack, and another section starts to tilt.

164 **THE HERD**

164

Panic in the herd, Their screams and roars echo round the rocky canyon walls.

Pachimou skitters sideways, falling hard on one knee, then limping off on solid ice, as a huge crack zigzags through the ice where he was standing and another dozen animals are pitched into the lake.

Pacabel, the female to whom Pachimou once took a fancy, sees her older husband slide into the water, along with most of his "wives"

165 **IN THE WATER**

165

In the black, frigid water, a seething mass of beasts are scrabbling to get out, but their hooves cannot find purchase on the edge of the ice.

Mom was lost in the first ice collapse.

Scowler has gone in with most of his group.

He pushes to the edge of the hole in the ice but the frozen water is so thick with animals he cannot even reach the lip of the ice.

166 **EXT. EDGE OF THE LAKE**

166

Pachimou, still limping, looks back. Nothing he can do

167

EXT. IN THE WATER

167

All around Scowler, a raft of drowning animals, panicked beasts weakening and sinking as hypothermia claims him.

With a final desperate burst of energy, Scowler climbs on the back of the female nearest him.

As she sinks, he clambers over the next and the next, driving them under, with his weight, into the frozen mud and weed,

...finally clambering free and saving himself.

The rest of those in the water are clearly doomed.

Scowler shakes himself and romps away, on solid ice now as their plaintive desperate cries, echo and fade around him.

168

EDGE OF THE LAKE

168

Pachimou listens from the far edge of the lake.

He is cut off from the main body of the herd here. The ice has fractured right up to the tree line.

A number of other Pachyrhinosaurs are with him - mainly females and juveniles. One of them is Pacabel

When they try to rejoin the main herd by walking along the flimsy ice under the trees, they sink through it into frozen mud up to their chests.

Theres no way along the valley by that route.

The cries from the animals drowning in the centre of the lake are becoming weaker and less frequent.

The survivors - the bulk of the herd - are receding from Pachimou down the far edge of the frozen lake.

If they stay here they will freeze.

Pachimou moves uphill a bit.

169

ON THE HILLSIDE

169

The trees are a little bit thinner here, slender saplings which bend and break under his weight.

With a bit of effort he can force a path through here.

He sets off, pushing over small trees and trampling the underbrush.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

It's hard work, and his knee hurts, but he seems to be making progress.

When, finally, he stops and looks around the rest of the group are following him, having apparently adopted him as their leader.

170 **LAKESIDE FOREST, NIGHT**

170

In darkness, Pachimous small platoon advances, yard by yard, little by little, forcing their way through the forest at the lakes edge.

Tiny snowflakes fall and a thin film of ice reforms over the dark water.

When Pachimou tires another animal comes forward to take his place.

Then, after a while, he takes the lead again.

171 **THE SAME, LATER**

171

They're pushing uphill now.

Its gruelling work. Often the mulchy ground will give way beneath their hooves and they will sink into it up to their thighs

Pachimou persists, his knee aching, his shoulders bruised and bleeding, but the trees are beginning to thin.

Finally there is solid ground beneath their feet.

172 **THE SAME. DAWN**

172

The lake is behind them, the sun is rising, and there ahead of them, on higher ground at the head of the high valley, the herd has finally regrouped.

Breathing hard, Pachimou leads his followers to rejoin the herd.

It is only then that he realizes, having failed to secure any mates in the Denali basin, that he has finally achieved his ambition and gathered a little tribe of his own.

173 **EXT. DOWNSLOPE. DAY**

173

The herd moves on, downhill now.

As they lose altitude the weather warms. The clouds part to reveal a view of fresh grazing. The snow melts away and they are walking on warm earth.

(CONTINUED)

Pachimou is still limping.

The knee injury, sustained on the ice, makes it hard to walk downhill.

His awkward gait is noticed by Scowler, who is shadowing his younger brother.

Scowler, lost his own females in the ice collapse and now finds himself in the humiliating position of being a bachelor male once again.

His weaker brother seems to have somehow won the loyalty of a dozen females, some of them already with calves. It's eating Scowler up.

As they graze and move on, graze and move on, descending now through woods and fern meadows, Scowler observes Pachimou closely.

From the look of it, that knee isn't getting any stronger.

Pachimou, oblivious to all this, is grazing contentedly with the group he now considers "his" females when something charges into his with tremendous force, knocking him off balance.

It's Scowler, squaring for a fight.

PACHIMOU

No. No. We're done with all that.

Not in Scowler's mind. He charges again, catching Pachimou on his injured foreleg.

SCOWLER

Fight me.

Angry, Pachimou charges back and head-butts Scowler. Scowler takes a step back.

SCOWLER

That's more like it.

The females raise their heads to watch.

Again and again, Pachimou charges.

But Scowler is toying with him, allowing himself to wear himself out.

Finally, with a roar, Scowler charges, throwing all his considerable weight and strength into the assault.

Pachimou's back legs slip over a low escarpment, his injured front leg fights for purchase on the slippery ground.

Scowler charges again, catching Pachimou a tremendous blow on the side of the face which send him tumbling down the escarpment to lie trapped in an infernal tangle of dead branches.

Pachimou struggles but he's totally stuck here. He cant move.

SCOWLER

(to the others)

It's over. Lets move on

The group look to Pachimou - the more he struggles the more completely he becomes ensnared in the tangle of branches.

There's no way he can escape. Scowler steers Pacabel away.

The rest of the group follow and the herd moves on.

Silence and now the sky is growing dark, the temperature plummeting.

Pachimou struggles again, but as he loses body heat he is weakening.

He calls.

PACHIMOU

Anyone!?

There is movement in the sky overhead.

Dark shapes block the emerging scars, then a pair of huge pterosaurs come to perch of adjacent outcrops of rock, folding their leathery wings like huge black capes as they settle to wait.

Pachimou struggles again, but his muscles feel still and useless.

He remembers...

That night of the forest fire, all those years ago.

His sisters trapped in the thornbush, screaming silently as the burning tree falls.

(CONTINUED)

Maybe this is payback. Maybe this is his fate.

Resigned he closes his eyes and feels his strength slowly ebb.

END OF ACT 2

(CONTINUED)

177 **THE TANGLE OF DEAD BRANCHES. NIGHT.**

177

The moon rises - a great yellow disk, visible through the lattice of branches.

Pachimou lies immobile. Even dead, this looks uncomfortable - like a figure on a crucifix

There is howling in the woodlands.

On the edge of the escarpment a small light appears - two lights, the huge night-hunting eyes of a Troodon.

TROODON

Well well well well well. What have we got here?

Two other Troodons appear

PTEROSAUR

Hey! We found him first.

TROODON

(to the Pterosaurs)

Yeah, well if you're such great hunters, why isn't he dead yet?

The Pterosaurs open their huge wings to scare of the Troodons.

PTEROSAUR

We are the Sentinels. We are the bringers of Death

TROODON

Blow it out your asses.

He takes a bite at Pachimou's thigh. Pachimou's eyes jerk open

PACHIMOU

Hey what are you playing at. I'm not dead yet.

TROODON

Relax. You will be.

He bites again. Pachimou kicks with his back leg, missing the Troodon, but breaking one of the thick branches which confine him, giving him a little more room to move.

He kicks and twists again. The whole assembly of dead branches is creaking and straining. His feet come up against rock

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

177

TROODON (CONT'D)

Steady. Steady!

With an angry roar, Pachimou pushes against the rock, The whole dead tree topples sideways, splintering the branches which confine him.

He's free. And he's angry now.

He clambers out sets off at a trot down the deep ravine which disgorges finally onto.....

178 **MOUTH OF THE RAVINE. DAY**

178

A wide, thinly wooden plain, scoured by other deep ravines which carry the run-off from the mountains.

Pachimou knows this terrain. Gorgosaur territory.

He cannot see the rest of the herd, but he can see their tracks in the soft ground and he can smell their dung.

They can only be a few hours ahead of him.

Pachimou sets off, trotting to catch up.

179 **LAIR OF THE GORGOSAURS. DAY**

179

The Gorgosaurs have survived another winter, their young are large enough to hunt now, but they are thin and hungry after the winter weeks of famine

As day breaks, Once more, a juvenile raises the alarm - the migrant herds are on the move again.

180 **EXT. RIVER VALLEYS, FOOTHILLS**

180

The Gorgosaurs leave their lairs and come in their hunting groups, treading carefully down the sunken valleys, under cover of the spring foliage.

The streams are in flood, running fast with snow melt from the mountains and the Gorgosaurs have to watch their step on wet, unstable boulders

Birds rise in alarm at their approach.

181 **LOOKOUT SPOT.**

181

The Black Prince arrives at a rocky ledge and climbs to scout the terrain.

Then he back-tracks and moves on through a stand of foliage with four younger hunters - his sons and daughters.

(CONTINUED)

181 CONTINUED: 181

The distant Pachyrhinosaur herd appear to them in glimpses through the trees as.....

182 **AMONG THE PACHYRHINOSAURS** 182

Scowler sniffs the wind and hustles his own sub-group away from their grazing.

SCOWLER

Keep moving.

He knows the signs of an imminent attack - movement in the foliage to the left and to the right, groups of Pachyrhinosaur acting spooked and fearful, sprinting to new positions or backing up into groups.

183 **BEHIND THE REST OF THE HERD** 183

Far behind them, Pachimou hurries to catch up.

He's exhausted, bleeding from where the branches imprisoned him.

His knee hurts and he is out of breath but he knows there is safety in the herd and that certain death awaits a solitary wounded animal like himself.

Above him the Pterosaurs are circling betraying his presence to the Gorgosaurs whom he knows are shadowing him, in the trees to left and right.

Now a narrow ravine blocks his path.

Pachimou takes a gamble and jumps it. He lands hard, his hindquarters in the water, but manages to scramble out and climb the next low rise.

184 **ON A RISE** 184

From this vantage point the herd is visible, scattered across the plain.

Another few hundred yards and he'll be safe among them.

Forgetting the pain in his knee, Pachimou heads down the slope to join them.

185 **AT THE FRONT OF THIS GROUP.** 185

Scowler, by nature headstrong and independent is moving forward at a trot, hustling his followers to keep pace.

SCOWLER

Keep up. Keep up.

(CONTINUED)

He has one eye on the Black Prince and his group who have broken cover and are now running parallel with his group, aiming to get ahead of them and turn the herd back on itself.

Scowler aint going to let that happen. He keeps pushing the pace.

As he does we see from above that his group of Pachyrhinosaurus is becoming dangerously elongated, and separated from the rest of the herd.

Scowlers followers realize this and slow down.

SCOWLER (CONT'D)

Keep up! Keep up!

Pacabel alone stays with him

Too late, the two of them realizes their mistake. They have pushed too far ahead of the herd.

Now, Gorgosaurs break from the trees on either side, cutting off their retreat.

Scowler roars in anger and bolts back towards the herd.

He's blocked. Pacabel too

The herd panic and run off the way they came.

Scowler abandons Pacabel, tries top follow the others but like a shot, the Black Prince is on him, claws raking his back, stubby arms trying to find purchase on his hide.

Scowler shakes him off, runs on a few more paces then is dragged down by a Gorgosaur clinging to his haunches, another leaping on his shoulder.

Others take down Pacabel as....

186 **THE HERD**

186

The herd flee, panicked, with Scowler and Pacabel's desperate cries ringing in their ears.

187 **PACHIMOU**

187

PACHIMOU Stops in his tracks as the herd races back towards him.

PACHIMOU

What happened? Who did they get?

(CONTINUED)

MEMBERS OF THE HERD

They got your brother
 ...and one of his wives.
 They got Scowler.

The others are moving past him on either side now, a river of panicked Pachyrhinosaurus.

Pachimou stands there like a rock facing in the opposite direction.

As the rear of the herds passes by, the vista opens in front of him and he sees, at a distance, a dreadful sight.

188 **THE ATTACK ON SCOWLER**

188

Scowler, bleeding and roaring in pain, with three grown Gorgosaurs on top of him.

Pacabel with two others holding her down

Its pitiful to watch. Now and again one of them will shake free and labour on a few feet, calling desperately to the herd.

Then the Gorgosaurs leap on them again and drag them bellowing to the ground.

189 **THE HERD**

189

The herd have stopped running now and have turned with pachimou to watch the murderous scene.

Some are transfixed by the horror. Others turn away to graze or muster their young.

PACHIMOU

We have to help them.

MEMBERS OF THE HERD

- You're kidding
 - After what Scowler did to you?
 - It's too late now anyway.

Pterosaurs are circling. Troodons are gathering. The promise of death hangs in the air.

PACHIMOU

That's our only way homeand
 he's my brother.

He starts moving towards the Gorgosaurs, slowly at first, then with growing conviction.

As he passes, others of the herd turn.

(CONTINUED)

Pachimou's eyes are fixed on the fight. His brothers desperate screams resound in his ears.

PACHIMOU (CONT'D)

Come on. Who's with me? If we stay in a group we can beat these assholes.

RUMINATING MALE PACHYRHINOSAUR

Don't do it. (Of Pachimou) He's a crazy guy.

FEMALE PACHYRHINOSAUR

Yep. But he got us out of the frozen valley.

She joins him, trotting with Pachimou shoulder to shoulder. Another female from his group joins on the other side.

Pachimou's eyes are on the Gorgosaurs, but when he bellows it is to his own herd

PACHIMOU

I SAID WHO'S WITH ME!!

FOLLOWERS

I'm in.

Me I guess.

Oh well... Me too I guess.

Its the "I'm Spartacus" moment. Now there are three of them. Now five, their pace increasing as their numbers swell

Now twenty or thirty of them are moving forwards together in a determined wedge, heads down, ruffs to the fore, hooves churning the earth as they advance at a trot on the scene of carnage.

The Black Prince is trying to get a death grip on Scowler's neck, pushing his lower jaw underneath the exhausted Scowler, to crush his windpipe and tear out his throat.

GORGOSAUR HENCHMAN

Boss.... I think you should see this.

The Black Prince looks up, blood on his teeth, and sees a solid phalanx of Pachyrhinosaurus bearing down on him at speed.

PUSH in to BCU on the Black Prince, as his astonishment turns to outrage.

(CONTINUED)

He gets to his feet and roars at the oncoming Pachyrhinosaurus.

BLACK PRINCE

Are you people crazy or what?!!
Get back you dumn bone-heads.

That does it.

The herd come at him in a rush.

One of the Black Prince's Henchmen flees. Another is tossed yelping in the air.

In the melee Pachimou goes to help Pacabel.

Her assailants see him coming and spring to their feet. The biggest One roars and bounds towards him.

Pachimou takes the Gorgosaur head on CRACK - a bone jarring collision. The Gorgosaur gets to its feet and limps off. The other - wide eyed - takes a look at the beefy squad of Pachyrhinosaurus and follows.

Pachimou goes to Pacabal

PACHIMOU

You all right?

She gets shakily to her feet.

PACABEL

Couple of flesh wounds. I'll live.

Ten suddenly her eyes widen, focussed on a dark shape behind him.

PACABEL (CONT'D)

Look Out!!

As the furious Black Prince throws himself on Pachimou's back.

Pacabel screams,

Pachimou bucks and kicks trying to throw the Black Prince off him.

But the Black Prince has his claws deep in Pachimou's hide, clawing his way round to Pachimou's throat, hissing in his ear

BLACK PRINCE

You idiot!
Think you're some sort of hero?
I'm going to tear your throat out.

Pachimou hurls himself against a tree. The tree falls over.

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

The Black Prince cant be dislodged.

So he throws himself on his back.

As he rolls he hears ribs cracking, his own or the predators?

He gets up in a flurry of dust.

The Black Prince is below him, jaws gaping, snjapping at his unprotected belly.

Pachimou rears on his hind legs, as he saw the Edmontosaurs do, and comes crashing down with his forelegs on the Black Prince's head.

The Black Prince lies still

Its over.

Pachimou turns, breathing hard,

He sees Pacabel looking at him in horror - she never believed him capable of such violence.

Then he sees the rest of the group, gathered in a little knot around the prostrate body of Scowler.

191 **SCOWLER**

191

Scowler's head lies in a pool of blood, leaking from teeth marks in his throat.

Help came too late,

Weakly he tries to rise, and falls back again

SCOWLER

It's all right. I'm all right.

He's clearly dying.

He turns to Pachimou, eyes moist. And, for the first time, there is softness in his voice

SCOWLER (CONT'D)

Pachy. You came back....

His eyes say thank-you.

Then they slowly drain of life.

Scowlers great strength ebbs.

SCOWLER (CONT'D)

Proud of you, pal. Always knew you were a fighter...

(CONTINUED)

- 191 CONTINUED: 191
 He's dead.
- 192 **LATER** 192
 Plangent music plays over
 The Pterosaurs gather round Scowler like solemn black-cloaked undertakers
 Pachimou gathers Bella and the others and move off
- 193 **ARIEL VIEW. TRAVELLING** 193
 The soaring birds take us across the migration route, following the herd back down the long valley and across the braided river
 Right back to...
- 194 **EXT. NESTING GROUNDS. DAY** 194
 the place where we started in the conifer forests of the northern slope, with the female Pachyrhinosaurus uncovering their steaming nesting mounds.
 Pacabel is among them.
 This clutch of eggs is hers.
- 195 **IN THE FOREST** 195
 Pachimou patrols the perimeter, like an anxious father outside the labour ward, alert to every sound, charging and snorting at the slightest movement - Troodon, Killer turkey.
- KILLER TURKEY
 Hey. Chill out, will ya. I was only clearing my throat.
- Pachimou continues his nervous pacing
 Cue Music: "You can call me Al" by Paul Simon
- SONG
 A man walks down the street
 He says why am I soft in the middle now
 Why am I soft in the middle
 The rest of my life is so hard
 I need a photo-opportunity
 I want a shot at redemption
 Don't want to end up a cartoon
 In a cartoon graveyard.

(CONTINUED)

195 CONTINUED:

195

From the clearing - a frantic peeping sound. The eggs have hatched!!

196 **ELSEWHERE ON THE FOREST FLOOR.**

196

Ankylosaur is forging through the underbrush, muttering angrily to himself about past injustices, real and imagined, the coming apocalypse

SONG

Bonedigger Bonedigger
Dogs in the moonlight
Far away my well-lit door
Mr. Beerbelly Beerbelly
Get these mutts away from me
You know I don't find this stuff
amusing anymore.

He almost collides with a female Ankylosaur.

She's not bad looking by the standards of the species, and for the first time in a couple of years, the old Ankylosaur's thoughts turn to sex

197 **EXT. THE NESTING GROUNDS. DAY**

197

Pachimou feels like yelling his news to the world.

PACHIMOU

I'm a dad! I'm a DAD!!

KILLER TURKEY

Huh. Me too. Wait till ya see the friggin' school fees.

Pachimou charges off after a lurking Troodon

SONG

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al.

198 **IN THE UNDERGROWTH**

198

The road-safety obsessed, Alphadon, scurries this way and that, neurotically checking on where his family is, who's doing what and whether everyone is acting in accordance with the law

SONG

A man walks down the street
He says why am I short of
attention

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

198 CONTINUED:

198

SONG (CONT'D)

Got a short little span of
attention
And my nights are so long
Where's my wife and family
What if I die here
Who'll be my role-model
Now that my role-model is Gone

199 **EXT THE SLOPING MEADOWS**

199

Pachimou, the proud new father with a spring in his step,
sashays down to the swamps, past Troodon children
snatching at insects.

Their parents watch him warily but Pachimou is old enough
and big enough to bear them no animosity. Now in the full
prime of his life, they cannot harm him

SONG

If you'll be my bodyguard
I can be your long lost pal
I can call you Betty
And Betty when you call me
You can call me Al
Call me Al

200 **EXT. THE SWAMPS DAY**

200

Pachimou wanders through the swamp land. Sees like
everyone he ever knew is here

SONG

A man walks down the street
It's a street in a strange world
Maybe it's the Third World
Maybe it's his first time around
He doesn't speak the language
He holds no currency
He is a foreign man

Pachimou lies down and treats himself to a mudbath,
listening to the honking, and the chatter of smaller
creatures.

SONG (CONT'D)

He is surrounded
By the sound...
By the sound of
Cattle in the marketplace
Scatterlings and orphanages.

Pachimou's POV, lying in the muddy waterhole, sunlight
glinting in the tree ferns, dragonflies dancing in a beam
of light..

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED:

200

SONG (CONT'D)

He looks around,
 Looks around, sees...
 Angels in the architecture
 Spinning in infinity
 He says Amen! and Hallelujah!

201 **EXT. THE NESTING GROUND. NIGHT.**

201

Pachimou's brood of nestlings are sleeping near their Mom, Pacabel

Pachimou sniffs her, smells the newly hatched kids, then wanders off into the twinkling familiar forest with its soft rain of pine needles and its canopy of stars.

SONG

If you'll be my bodyguard
 I can be your long lost pal
 I can call you Betty
 And Betty when you call me
 You can call me Al

Instrumental music continues over as...

202 **EXT PATCH OF FERN. NIGHT**

202

In a patch of fern near the nesting ground He turns around a few times, making a comfortable bed for himself.

Something not quite right. He gets up, turns around anticlockwise instead.

That's better.

He lies down and drifts off to sleep.

70MYA BC has been a very big year for him.

NARRATOR

And so the last the litter became its sole survivor. Often it doesn't work out this way; but then again "Survival of the fittest" has never meant, merely, survival of the biggest, the toughest, or the scariest.

203 **EXT. THE NIGHT SKY.**

203

Clouds in evening light, seen from underneath

Its like the opening shot has been flipped upside down. A flock of birds - distant descendants of the dinosaurs are beating westward towards the sunset.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

The one most fit to survive is often the one who learns from his environment, who is neither too passive nor too aggressive; who best co-exists in harmony with the species around him - the plants and animals, the birds and insects.

Something massive drops out of the cloud- base and the birds scatter.

Holy shit, It's a 747!

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Dinosaurs lived on this earth for 250 million years. Humans have inhabited the planet for less than one thousandth of that time. In terms of our own "fitness", we still have everything to prove....

Pilot's POV. Coming in to land

PILOT

.....Flight 236 to Anchorage air traffic control, commencing approach now....

On a glittering Panaorama of city lights, stretching as far as the eye can see.

THE END